

THE BATTLE AGAINST ADDICTION

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE JULY 19, 1993 \$2.50

**Maclean's**



# UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES



Karla Homolka, Convicted Of Manslaughter

**Karla Homolka:  
The Girl Next Door  
Who Dealt In Horror**

**Debbie Mahaffy:  
A Mother Describes  
The Agony Of Her  
Daughter's Murder**





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## CONTENTS

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE JULY 19, 1993 VOL 187 NO 29

### 3 EDITORIAL

### 4 LETTERS

### 6 OPINION NOTES/PASSAGES

### 9 COLUMN: CHARLES DORDON

### 10 CANADA

Prime Minister Kim Campbell makes her debut on the international stage at the Tokyo summit. G-7 leaders try to kick-start the stalled world trade talks.

### 14 COVER

### 24 WORLD

Politicians and health problems on the Mexican border spread out the concerns of free trade opponents, after four decades, Canada prepares to withdraw its NATO armed forces from Europe.

### 30 BUSINESS

Two companies, one Canadian and one American, barely compete to provide Ottawans with computer equipment to improve the delivery of pension and other benefits.

### 32 BUSINESS WATCH

**PETER C. NEWMAN**  
A New Brunswick couple takes on the Irving empire.

### 33 PEOPLE

### 34 TECHNOLOGY

A globe-spanning computer art war's links more than 10 million people to talk science, and science fiction.

### 35 SPECIAL REPORT

### 42 FILMS

Clint Eastwood plays a haunted Secret Service agent protecting the president; Virginia Woolf's gender-bending Orlando reaches the screen.

### 44 MUSIC

### 45 BOOKS

Three authors analyse the tragedy of the former Yugoslavia.

### 48 FORTHCOMING

COVER PHOTO: (clockwise from top left) David Laundy; (top right) David Laundy; (middle right) David Laundy; (bottom right) David Laundy.



CHUCK WILSON

## Unspeakable crimes

**14** After exposing a publicist bar on the troubling evidence, a St. Catharines, Ont., judge sentenced Karla Homolka, an attractive 23-year-old from an average upbringing, to 12 years in prison for manslaughter in the deaths of two area teenage girls. Her estranged husband, Paul Teale (Bernardo), still faces two first-degree murder charges stemming from the shocking deaths.

## Battling addiction

**35** Year after year, thousands of Canadians cross the line between social drinking and alcoholism, between normal living and the endless nightmare of addiction to mood-altering chemicals of one kind or another. Now, medical research and new methods of treatment offer hope to those trapped by substance abuse.



DAVID LAUNDY

## Vampish vocals

**44** With her third album, *Don't Smoke in Bed*, Toronto's Holly Cole again brings a very attitude and an eclectic musical intelligence to jazz standards and other songs. Her band, the Holly Cole Trio, has won kudos and awards in Japan, where she has an ardent following. And with the new recording and a cross-country tour, the Halifax native seems likely to consolidate her reputation in Canada.



# Kim Campbell's Stand

It happened between Kim Campbell and Bill Clinton at the American Embassy in Tokyo. At last, a Canadian Prime Minister actually raised a complaint with a U.S. President and lived to tell the tale. And, wonder of wonders, the President of the United States publicly apologized for his action. After a decade of approaching Washington on bent knees, it is refreshing to see a Canadian Prime Minister stand up for the interests of his nation.

The case in point was Campbell's withdrawal of "firm and public" nonproliferation during a private meeting with Clinton last week that the White House had failed to advise her in advance of the July 24 missile launch against Iraq. Before he launched the attack, an explanation for what Washington described as a plot to kill George Bush, Clinton alerted a dozen other allies and friends—but not Campbell. After all that Canada had done in the Gulf War, and its quiet reputation as a model troupe in Somalia and Bosnia, the oversight was not plausible. Standing beside Campbell at the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo last week, Clinton said that "Canada should have been notified." And he agreed to designate someone on his staff to keep a special watch on Canada-U.S. trade issues.

You could almost hear the perpetrators of quickening heartbeats out in the garage, where they apparently are waiting up the car

glades for a federal election. Here, at last, was Campbell wearing the pants. Multinational justice, yes.

There are those who will argue that not being notified by Washington is the barest courtesy of all. That is a theory that is not at all wrong, given the actual history of the Canada-U.S. relationship. In August, 1871, President Richard Nixon, who managed to forget that

Canada was his country's largest trading partner, surprised Ottawa when he exposed a surprise board-level import tariff. The problem was, they affected \$2.5 billion in Canadian exports, about a quarter of the diagnosis. A full-blown bilateral crisis ensued before both sides agreed to deescalate the war.

During the Mahoney years, Ottawa's official relationship with Washington often was enlivening. Mahoney secured a tad too eager to please, to seek approval, to get away a legislative point before a morning over-looks. There is nothing at all productive about sniping repeated showdowns with Washington. Canada would lose 30 times out of 16 Mahoney's determination to seek cooperation was in the end the national interest.

There is nothing wrong with pursuing a case with vigor in public and making sure Canada is not taken for granted. On some matters, if you give the Americans a taste, they will take a taste.

*Robert Lewis*



Clinton and Campbell in Tokyo, in the national interest

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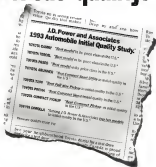
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# No wonder our competitors prefer to discuss 'deal' versus 'quality.'



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# LETTERS

## Poetic justice

I read your happy, hopeful piece about "Tomorrow's bold and visionary leaders" with much interest. ("100 Canadians to Watch," Cover, July 10.) There were academics for bankers, boppers, professors, film makers, poet laureates, novel writers, but unluckily, not one poet among them. In a country laudably teeming with talented poets, could you not find one youthful poet worthy of our celebration?

Ronan MacInnes,  
Brimley

What a wonderful idea. In the midst of all most total bad news, we have this golden item dropped into our laps.

Edythe Sholten,  
Agassiz

## 'Real people'

In reference to your editorial "Two days, two latitudes at the Tay Convention with the celebration of a child's career: never has the chasm between politicians and people been so clearly defined. The real winners—the citizens—will increase. Real people, not politicians."

Don Davidson,  
Glenora

The blame for the public's opinion towards politicians should not fall just on the shoulders of "real citizens." Instead of showing indifference while complaining vociferously, all Canadians should realize that the political institutions truly belong to them. By getting involved, in any way, they can learn more about the political system and help bring about the changes they seem to want.

Gilles Allain,  
Prestonville



Maclean's July 5 cover: 'hopeful'

## The flip side

With a barrage of largely meaningless statistics, Peter C. Newman celebrates Canada as the status of a Third World country ("Our place of shame: just behind Bermuda," Business Watch, July 3). Ironically, at the same time a two-page article describes, in glowing terms, the demand for Canadian government debt and the growth with which Canada is viewed abroad ("The new bond boom," Business, July 3). If Newman believes that the measure of a country's worth is how "stable" its debt situation appears to a crank alliance called the Canadian Taxpayers Federation, why doesn't he move to Bermuda?

Ed Goldbacher,  
Toronto

## Cone or cup?

In your article on "bitch" persons ("A not double-dipping," May 12), you mention as leader of the RCMP, I did, in fact, receive a pension when I retired from politics in 1989.

now find myself accused of double-dipping because I accepted the position of the first president of the International Centre for Human Rights and Democratic Development. What if I had gone to work, say, for an oil company or a bank? Would I not have been entitled to the same government pension? But then, no obvious moral argument could be made about double-dipping, because it would be in the private sector. This is when a double standard lies, which erases the value of public service. Referrals should be made regarding my pension. However, those who receive pensions ought not to be persecuted if they decide to continue to work for the community good. If I am double-dipping, I'm proud of it and the least you could do is raise the complex issues involved.

Edward Broadbent,  
Montreal

## Cod and culture

Your article "Waiting, and praying, for cod" (Geocode, June 28) told the story of the history of Basque whaling, but it leaves the impression that only the male population is affected by the cod monopolies. Many women are involved here, too, some were employed in the actual catching of the fish or in one of the fish plants, others were involved in doing what their mothers and grandmothers have done for centuries—preparing meals and doing laundry for the fishermen in the family. This is part of the tradition and the women are just as "unemployed" as the men. Our struggle to survive is not only that of a small town losing its main industry, it is the struggle of a people who are faced with losing their culture.

Joanette Wimmer,  
Port Union, Nfld.

Letters may be condensed. Please supply names, address and daytime telephone. Write letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 4600 Steeles Ave. East, Unit 1207, Scarborough, Ont. M1V 5T7. Or call (416) 291-2121.



New York is really cool. Today Dad and me got up before Mom and went to Central Park. We saw lots of joggers and roller-skaters. One guy did tons of tricks. Dad said maybe I could get a pair. Then we went back to the hotel and got Mom and went to the Intrepid. WOW! It's big! The guide said you could fit 3 1/2 football fields on the Intrepid. We also went to see the new Barosaurus at the American Museum of Natural History. It was awesome! On the way we saw a movie being filmed. I can't wait to tell Steve. We ate hot dogs & ices from a stand. And then we went to the World Trade Center. From the top we could see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. That's where my great Grandma and Grandpa went through when they came to America. Dad says what we're doing tonight's a surprise. I hope it's a baseball game. I see why Mom keeps saying



New York won't-5 came to America. Dad says what we're doing tonight's a surprise. I hope it's a baseball game. I see why Mom keeps saying

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# PARTNERSHIP WALK 93



## Myth

Canadians are no longer concerned about the developing world

## Reality

In fact, there are few issues which unite Canadians on such a scale.

Optimist surveys show that a large majority of Canadians from all age groups, regions and walks of life are in favour of providing or increasing support for international development. Why?

- Because Canadians care... 85% believe we have a responsibility to help people in developing countries
- Because Canadians know that this assistance helps us here, too... 85% say first addressing global poverty is essential if we are to protect our environment.

• Because Canadians believe that Canada can and should be an example to the world... 79% are proud of Canada's reputation for being a generous country.

But the real test of commitment is action. On May 30 more than 60,000 Canadians from coast to coast participated in the Partnership Walk to raise money for sponsors. They were joined by 495 corporate sponsors (the most generous of which see listed below).

It was a dramatic demonstration of the long Canadian tradition of support for international cooperation... a tradition we can all take pride in.

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## ANOTHER VIEW



# When smaller is better than bigger

BY CHARLES GORDON

IN THE 1980s, our towns and cities spent a lot of energy and money trying to be big time, world-class and all that sort of thing. It was good for the tourist trade and the land of crime paid that works the chest of the mayor. But it may have been out of step with what the people wanted. The people may have wanted something smaller.

The thought occurs on a warm summer evening in Ottawa, in a stadium with no roof and no name. A crowd of 10,322 is watching the Ottawa Lynx play the Norfolk Tides in a women's league baseball game. That is not a world-class crowd—50,000-plus are in Toronto's SkyDome on the same night—but it is capacity for this stadium.

All season long, Ottawa has been leading the International League in attendance, with an average of more than 5,000 a game. It is a sure sign of people's eagerness to participate in something that, while not a historic landmark or even a tourist attraction, has a human scale.

Ottawa is not the first large Canadian city to discover this. Minor-league baseball thrives in Vancouver. It is played in Edmonton and Calgary.

What is interesting now is how a small-time thing, Triple-A baseball, becomes the biggest thing in a city that likes to think of itself as modern and sophisticated. It must mean something. It doesn't mean that our cities have abandoned the idea of winning the championship of playing in the big. The continued packed houses at the SkyDome attest to that. Even in Ottawa, where the costliest baseball ticket is \$8.40, they also fill the Civic Centre to watch the Montreal Hockey League, paying as much as eight times that.

What it must mean, then, is that there are different kinds of people in the city. Some feel the need to be part of something big. Others want something small—to watch a good game in the company of friends. Forget all the tropical crap that has been

*Away from the world of world-class, people behave normally. They are decent and friendly. They have time to chat.*

written about baseball's timeless quality that brings the fans out to watch a minor-league sport. To those who know the game well, there is nothing lyrical about it. The players get dirty, they get hurt and they get paid. What the Triple-A fan sees is all of that, but at closer range than in a major-league park and with everyone they know in the park with them.

Lobbyists are there, and journalists and politicians and interference personae. There are many women and kids of children. Along the deficit, the parent and a couple of people in your sister's baseball suit. They are all wearing baseball caps, many of them featuring the double-headed grinning cat that is the team's symbol.

The opponent is a newspaper columnist, playing about the way you'd expect a newspaper columnist to play the game. He has what sounds like roller-skating arrangements of Beatles songs and the Chuck Berry classic *Rock 'n' Roll Music* (any of you pure chords). It is just right, far better than the high volume bands of recorded music blasted out of the league's sound systems. Not that there is anything racist. At various times, and for no apparent reason, a television

some long turns forth from the speakers. In the seventh inning, when the Norfolk manager with the mound, the theme for *Alone's* first is suddenly heard. There is nobody named Higgins on the field. Moments later, another longer turn comes forth. The season-ticket holders, new fans, interrupt their discussion of the cat that was stolen from the pig who sat in the 3rd and try to identify the team. McHale's *Navy*, somebody figures out.

This is not *The Show*. It is more like *The Bachelor*. Yet great baseball is seen, a star named double-play turned by Martinez, Vito and Twardzik of the Tides in the eighth, a nice one made in and the game by Sotomayor, Hanes and White of the Lynx. Jason of Ottawa carries a no-hitter into the sixth. The players are one step from the big leagues, either on the way up or on the way down. The aficionados know the names: Thompson of Norfolk used to belong to the Jays and is the team's center-fielder at the moment. Bilechelle of Norfolk has been the second-string catcher for every major-league team since the New York Yankees, and Wood of Detroit was with the Giants last year and started the season with Montreal.

From the moment the first pitch was made on a rainy night in April, the people took it. "Here you been to see the Lynx yet?" was the question most often asked at work. They loved the stadium, which is not a state-of-the-art, but great sightlines and real grass. "It's a small!" they bragged. They loved the team, even though the players are always coming and going. They loved the people, the noncommittal how-tu that is for people to be played with something these days. The only thing people complain about are features that smack of the big city—traffic jams getting in and out, and a schoolyard that tries to tell them what and when to cheer (an intention compounded by the fact that many fans fly in).

Away from the world of world-class, people behave normally. They are decent and friendly. They have time to chat. The fans are not impatient with the ball players. The ball players, paid salaries that are smaller than those of many fans, are appreciable and nice. They are not the big city. The weekend, nearly high-school kids, go up and down the aisle doing stunts. "What like to join me in an ice-cold Pepsi?" asks one. "You're just watching the game, you're not doing anything." The manager coaches them and players coach them. At one point, Hanes, coaching first for the Lynx, is ordered to pitch to, as another player puts it, to replace him in the middle of the inning. It looks just like your team in the Montreal Minor League. A roller-skating arrangement of *Magnum's* first baseman is behind on the stadium organ.

A cat has been named, Howard Darwin, took the risk (and how rare that is in the 1980s) and brought the Lynx to Ottawa. He has a vacation on his hands, perhaps because he was able to spend the entire of city people to be part of something small.

# A LOW-KEY DEBUT

In one of the world's most exclusive clubs, membership has its privileges—and carefully observed traditions. Every summer for the past 18 years, the leaders of the world's major industrialized nations, the so-called Group of Seven, have gathered in each other's countries for a series of private meetings as well as public ones, well insulated from prying journalists and the public. Last week was no exception as the leaders, including Prime Minister Kim Campbell, emerged only periodically from the 19th G-7 summit in Tokyo to announce joint declarations that contained more platitudes than concrete commitments. This year's new traditions included head-of-state visits for lower-level government, an end to fishing in the former Yugoslavia, the detente of trade barriers—and, this time, the need for more meetings. And at week's end, the leaders also stayed true to form by declaring themselves content with the progress they claim to have made on a variety of fronts. Said Campbell: "I think the summit was very productive as well as both thoroughly enjoyable and interesting."

In fact, Campbell, who came to the meeting with relatively modest goals, had reason to feel moderately content. Before the summit began, Canadian officials said that they would press for discussion of ways to put the G-7's combined \$3 million unemployed people back to work. They also knew to see the leaders formally commit themselves to lowering trade barriers. Both issues were considered. The leaders agreed that their finance ministers will hold a special summit on job creation in the United States this fall. And they spent efforts to settle the Uruguay Round of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) by crafting a breakthrough agreement on free trade (page 32). As well, Campbell was an apologetic intro-

**KIM CAMPBELL  
KEEPS OUT OF  
TROUBLE AS  
SHE STEPS  
CAUTIOUSLY  
ONTO THE  
WORLD STAGE  
IN TOKYO**

U.S. president Bill Clinton said that Campbell was "absolutely right" that Canada should have received advance notice of an American missile strike against Iraq last month. He also promised to establish a White House liaison on Canadian issues to avoid similar problems in the future.

In her first international foray as Prime Minister, Campbell also succeeded simply by avoiding any major stumbling. Her low-key manner contrasted sharply—and, to many observers, favorably—with the bluff personality of her predecessor, Brian Mulroney. At previous summits, both Mulroney and supportive Canadian officials often went out of their way to portray him as a key negotiator among leaders searching for common ground. But Campbell's main goal, she said, was to use all her few meetings with reporters, were "to learn, to advance Canadian interests, to develop interests with leaders."

Such statements, coupled with self-deprecating remarks about her inexperience, reflected an awareness of her status as a rookie among leaders of more powerful nations. Conservative strategists acknowledged that they had encouraged Campbell to adopt a manner that sets her apart from her predecessor. Said one election adviser: "We're not exactly heartbroken if people talk at her and say, 'Gee, she's not a bit like Brian.'"

The most vivid proof of that, of course, was Campbell's status as the only female leader of a G-7 country. For the most part, the international media, accustomed to 13 years of constant attention by Britain's Margaret Thatcher, appeared awestruck by Campbell's presence. In fact, most coverage revolved around the issue of gender in politics: control on the feminist policy journalists hold for Clinton's wife, Hillary



Clinton and Campbell: in presidential apology and promise to stay in touch

Rodham Clinton. In one example, the American TV program CBS' *48 Hours* ran a lengthy segment featuring Hillary Clinton as "the leading woman of the summit," without ever mentioning Campbell.

But in Japan, where it is almost universal for women to play prominent roles in business or politics, Campbell came in for some scrutiny—with sharply raised voices

before her arrival in Tokyo: many Japanese newspapers ran the low female photograph of Campbell posing, with bare shoulders, behind a legal note. But after meeting Campbell in the flesh, reporters discovered a leader who was considerably more aware. Pinkie, a popular Japanese television fashion commentator remarked that Canada's new Prime Minister dressed in either "dowdy" clothes "similar to what middle-aged un-feminine women wear in Japan."

Beyond allowing the G-7 leaders—and

members of the foreign media—to become acquainted, the summit also produced several messages that are politically useful for each leader to bring back to their electorates. For Canada, the G-7's commitment to lowering trade barriers is particularly helpful at a time when there is fierce internal resistance in the United States to ratifying the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). The summit's final communiqué also calls on Canada and the United States to reduce their huge budget deficits. That provides campaign fodder for the Tories, who plan to make the need for deficit reduction a key part of their election platform.

But there were also areas of clear disagreement among the major players. In one case, Campbell and Canadian officials expressed serious reservations about Clinton's suggestion that G-7 countries add \$1 billion to an already-existing \$50-billion economic stimulus package promised to Russian President Boris Yeltsin at last year's summit. Yeltsin, who met with the summit leaders, had sought additional aid to help him continue subsidizing many of the country's former state-owned industries. But Canada has already given Russia \$2.5 billion of the \$16 billion it originally promised and that commitment, and Finance Minister Gilles Duceppe, in charge of the aid, said the G-7 leaders agreed to a further \$2 billion in aid.

Along with claims of major and minor victories, the summit ended with another familiar rebuff. Last year, former U.S. president George Bush wondered aloud about whether such summits are necessary. The scope of this year's meeting, involving 35,000 security police and more than 7,000 accredited journalists from the host country alone, had officials from several countries talking again of the need to scale down future summits. But with the exception of Clinton and French President Jacques Chirac, the G-7 leaders each gave either declarations or other political statements before next year's meeting in Naples, Italy. By that time, some of them are likely to have the political will or inclination to suddenly change the rules of membership in their exclusive group. And for newcomers like Campbell, the prestige and exposure of the G-7, she said, is Canada in 1993, makes it even more likely that she will receive a closer people's gift that leaders just keep on giving themselves.

ANTHONY WILSON SMITH is Ottawa's chief news editor for the *Star*.

## Canada Notes

### TAKING ON THE UNIONS

Ontario's NDP government used closure to pass the Social Contract Act, arguably the toughest public-sector wage-restraint legislation in Canadian history. The bill, which allows the government to strip existing wages, will be revised to cut \$3 billion annually from the province's \$43-billion payroll by requiring many of Ontario's 350,000 provincial and municipal employees to take up to 12 days of annual unpaid leave and accept pay freezes over the next three years.

### EVEN BREAKER NEWS

East Coast fish stocks—an which 30,000 Atlantic Canadians depend for their livelihood—are at some of their lowest levels on record and could be wiped out unless commercial fishing is drastically reduced, according to a report released by the federal fisheries department. The report also said that northern cod stocks off Newfoundland, where cod fishing is suspended under a moratorium that was to end next July—are unlikely to recover before the year 2000 at the earliest.

### VICTORY FOR THE PQ

The Parti Québécois won its third straight by-election victory in the past two years at the riding of Portneuf, 80 km east of Quebec City, which had been held by the Liberal party since 1983. PQ leader Jacques Parizeau said that the win showed renewed support for Quebec separatism despite the fact that Quebec sovereignty was a major issue during the campaign.

### FIGHTING GENDER BIAS

A report prepared by federal, provincial and territorial legal officials stated that attorneys general across the country should wage a concerted campaign to red the justice system of sexism. Among the proposed measures: updating old laws and writing new ones in language that is free of gender bias, and improved education programs for judges and prosecutors on issues ranging from witness to negative portrayals of women in the media.

### AT LOGGERS' HEADS

Environmentalists and loggers continued to square off over the B.C. government's recent decision to allow some logging along Clayoquot Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island. The sound is home to a diverse people of about 300 protesters—including NDP MP Seward Robison—making a case across roads and bridges leading into Clayoquot Sound.



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## A kick start for trade

Officials push for more global commerce

Essex Inc. is one of those companies that needs to sell abroad in order to survive. The Bedford, Que., firm, 80 km south of Montreal, employs 250 workers making industrial building needs. Other manufacturers, in turn, use those needles to make the knitted fabric for wide wear, sportswear and sweaters. Because of the limited demand for such a fairly specialized product in Canada, Essex exports 90 per cent of the 300 million steel needles it makes each year to more than 50 countries. Despite the company's reliance on global trade, vice-president of operations Joseph Covallencia says that the agreement reached last week at the Group of Seven (G-7) summit in Tokyo to cut tariffs on a broad range of consumer-based products would have little impact on Essex, but the reduced tariffs, he explains, might eventually alter where some trades are made. "The demand (for needles) will still be out there," Covallencia says, "though we might have to focus our marketing efforts on different countries."

This week, the focus of global trade talks shifts to Geneva, where representatives from the 111 signatories to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) will try once again to settle a number of outstanding issues. Some trade analysts say that the agreement that the world's seven major industrial countries reached in Tokyo could once provide an important kick start to the long-stalled Uruguay Round of GATT trade talks, which began in 1986. Other experts, however, are less convinced that the agreement among the G-7 nations—Canada, the United States, Japan, Germany, France, Britain and Italy—could provide the needed boost to the GATT talks. Sylvia Gory, chairman of the Centre for International Studies at the University of Toronto, for one, says that the agreement to reduce or eliminate tariff and nontariff barriers on 18 different manufacturing sectors was a positive development—as far as it went. "They left some of the most controversial issues to be resolved before the Dec. 15 deadline for completing the round of talks," says Gory. "The agricultural issue is still outstanding, as is trade in

services. Nor did they do anything about an intriguing provision, probably the most important and controversial issue of them all."

Considering the troubled history of the GATT talks, few observers are willing to predict whether these theory issues will be resolved before the latest in a series of self-imposed deadlines. On repeated occasions,



Covallencia: little expectation of direct benefits

negotiators in the Uruguay Round have announced breakthroughs. Each time, however, talks have stalled, primarily because the United States and the European Community have clashed on the issue of reducing farm subsidies.

Still, Gory and other trade experts say that last week's G-7 accord, which the other GATT signatories must still approve, represents progress because of what it accomplished symbolically rather than for its actual terms. (The seven countries did agree to eliminate tariffs in several areas, including pharmaceuticals, construction equipment, medical equipment and beer. In a second category that includes films and computers, they will cut tariffs in half. For a third category, the ne-

gotiations agreed to cuts of about 35 per cent in tariffs. This includes scientific equipment, wood, paper, aluminium and other nonferrous metals and electronics.) Declared Osty: "All the delays in the GATT negotiations were getting to be a serious political embarrassment. So what could the G-7 leaders do to give a positive signal? They chose what was totally livable, most workable and most politically easy—imposing market access."

For his part, Bryan Myers, chair economist for the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, says that the G-7 leaders' message that they are open for business is particularly an important sign of recent developments—and disputes—on the international trade front. Instead of focusing on multilateral trade initiatives, the United States has increasingly directed its attention to bilateral, and even unilateral, trade issues. U.S. trade representatives have been pushing Japan hard to reduce its balance of trade and open its doors to more American-made products. The United States also expected its trading partners late last month when it shipped duties, some ranging as high as 300 per cent of the selling price, on steel from 13 countries, including Canada. But now, Myers says, the Clinton administration has also revealed that it wants a successful conclusion to the GATT talks. "The G-7 accord sends an important psychological and political message: that the priority of the world's industrial leaders is more open trade," he added.

Despite the renewed emphasis on concluding a GATT agreement, some trade experts say that even that is required to increase global trade. Geminia Kennedy-Walton, president of McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont., says that once the Uruguay Round is completed, the world's trading nations should establish a new multilateral trading organization. "That of its mission," she explained, "would be to find and rapidly deploy resolution mechanisms."

With many of the world's economies still mired in recession, or, like Canada, stuck in a slow recovery, and with unemployment rising globally, there is clearly much at stake. According to a study by seven northern Ontario university professors that is expected to be published this fall, liberalizing GATT's trading rules to cover, among other things, services, textiles and agriculture could add more than \$250 billion to the annual global income. Randy Wight, an economist at Wilfrid Laurier

University in Waterloo, Ont., who is one of the study's authors, predicts that even a partial GATT agreement could boost the world economy. In fact, the study will show that the global trade in textiles could increase by more than \$100 billion, he says.

Canada, in particular, has much to gain from more open markets and an increase in global trade. Among the G-7 nations, only Germany exports a larger percentage of its gross domestic product than Canada. Domestically, strong exports have also helped to counter the effects of the recession. According to Myers, Canada will export 46 per cent of its manufacturing output this year, up from 33 per cent in 1989. "That's at a time when the Canadian economy only grew by less than one per cent," he says.

However, Kenney Wallace adds that if Canada wants to participate more fully in the emerging global economy, exporters must look beyond their traditional markets. About 75 per cent of all Canada's exports go to the United States. But she noted that the nation must now look to the Asia-Pacific region and Europe for new opportunities. "In the new economy, somebody can have an idea in one country, find it in another, manufacture it in several other countries and market it around the world," she says. "Canada has to participate fully in that new global trading market."

Another manufacturer who is starting to realize the benefits of such openness is Larry Dyck, president of Decor Cabinets Ltd., in Markham, Ont., about 120 km southwest of Winnipeg. For most of the company's 15-year history, Dyck says that it sold custom-made kitchen cabinets to the domestic market only. But two years ago, he says, representatives from the Manitoba government and the Japan External Trade Organization asked him to participate in a Tokyo trade show. There, he met a dealer who wanted to import Decor's custom designs to take advantage of the fact that many Japanese are switching to North American-style large construction.

As a result, Dyck and the company's 50 employees have spent the past two years adapting the product line to meet Japanese standards and tastes. They shipped the first small supply of cabinets in May, but Dyck says that he expects orders to pick up substantially within the next six months. He has other expectations as well. "This is a long-term investment for us," Dyck explained. "We hope to develop a good brand base of customers, so we are not just tied to the domestic market if we run into recession here again." He added, "As Japan's economy is 1.2 trillion houses built a year," still, the East's Covallencia, Dyck says that he expects to see little direct benefit from the G-7 agreement in Tokyo last week. But he added that he hopes it will eventually lead to increased global trade. "That's the only way to provide true wealth to our country," he says. "It is clearly everybody's aim at increasing global trade."

BARBARA WICKENS

# 99.5% TASTE



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM STOKES FOR

# UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES

**NO ONE MAY  
EVER KNOW  
WHY KARLA  
HOMOLKA,  
A PRETTY  
23-YEAR-OLD  
FROM A  
NICE HOME,  
WOULD HELP  
TO KILL  
TWO TEENAGE  
GIRLS**

**O**n one side of the packed courtroom sat the grief-stricken parents of the two young murder victims. Near the opposite wall sat the family of the accused. Between them, an attractive 23-year-old woman named Karla Homolka posed impressively last week in Crown attorney Murray Segal stepped up to a lectern in the St. Catharines, Ont., courtroom for the next 27 minutes. Segal read a statement outlining in stark and shocking detail the role that Homolka played in the deaths of teenagers Leslie Mahaly and Kristen French. While others in the room gazed and wept, the elegantly dressed Homolka dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief—a rare display of public emotion by a woman at the center of one of Canada's most horrific criminal cases. But Segal's carefully worded statement could not begin to explain how a young

Homolka's trial, reflected the heinous nature of the crimes. Leslie Mahaly, at the time of her death a 16-year-old Grade 9 student in Burlington, Ont., was last seen by friends in the early morning of June 15, 1992. Two weeks later—on the day that Homolka married Paul Bernardo, a 26-year-old teenage accomplice—parts of Mahaly's body were found encased in concrete in Lake Gibson, a reservoir just south of St. Catharines. Ten months later, on April 18, 1993, Kristen French, a 15-year-old St. Catharines high-school student, was abducted while walking home from school. Her nude body was found two weeks later on a country road near Burlington. Police maintained that both girls were sexually assaulted, and that French had been kept alive for 13 days after her abduction.

Police made no arrests for months. Then, in January of this year, Niagara Regional Police charged Bernado, who was in the midst of changing his surname to Teale, with assault after Homolka confessed that he had been her "doll-boy." A few weeks later, Metro Toronto police laid 43 sexual assault charges against Teale, most in connection with a series of smothered attacks dating back to 1987 at the Toronto suburb of Scarborough. Finally, on May 18, after protracted negotiations between her lawyer and senior officials of the Ontario ministry of the attorney general, and an intensive search of the house Teale and Homolka had rented in the St. Catharines neighborhood of Port Dalhousie, Niagara Regional Police filed two counts of manslaughter against Homolka. A day later, Teale was charged with two counts of first-degree murder.

Legal experts predict that, because of the complexity of the case, and the number of charges against him, Teale's murder trial will not begin until late 1994 or early 1995. Homolka's case proceeded much faster because she agreed to cooperate with the police investigation. She also waived her right to a preliminary hearing after extensive negotiations between her lawyer and the Crown over her charges and her recommended sentence. One of Teale's lawyers, Ken Murray, said later that the Crown may have "made a deal with the devil" in return for Homolka's testimony against her husband.

Despite the intense public interest in Homolka's trial, Keweenaw closed the courtroom to the general public and prohibited the media from publishing or broadcasting any details about the circumstances of the deaths. He argued that Teale's right to a fair trial on the murder charges must take precedence over freedom of expression. But his ruling provoked anger among St. Catharines residents who argued that they had a right to know what Homolka did, and to decide for themselves whether her punishment was adequate.

A day-by-day account of the court proceedings that led to Homolka's conviction.

## Monday, June 28

At sunrise, downtown St. Catharines is quiet and peaceful. The streets are largely deserted, the stores and offices closed. But this morning, at 5:30 a.m., reporters, photographers, TV camera operators and a few curious local residents are already gathered outside the city courthouse, a modern four-story building of concrete, metal and glass. By 9 a.m., an hour before the trial is scheduled to begin, some 200 people are lined up four abreast from the courthouse entrance to the street. A man dressed as the cartoon character Spideeman marches back and forth on the sidewalk carrying a placard in support of the police.

Behind the courthouse, a smaller crowd awaits the arrival of Homolka, her parents and younger sister, who will be driven the five

*The judge banned the publication of the evidence against Homolka, because Paul Teale, her estranged husband, still faces two charges of first-degree murder*



coming from a stable middle-class family could cause such unpleasant acts.

Homolka herself provided no hints, clues or anything even faintly resembling an answer. She spent the days in the prisoner's box, but four were consumed by legal arguments over whether the evidence presented against her could be published. At the same time, she stood with her back to the packed public galleries. Shielded by a Plexiglas barrier, she remained as motionless as a mannequin, in





# BRIDE AND GROOM

Karla's marriage to Paul, in a storybook wedding, was her 'wildest dream' come true



Nothing the spectators heard of saw in front could explain the apparent confusion. In the debutant's chair of a St. Catharines court set 25-year-old Karla Honschka—pale, elegantly groomed, her blonde hair perfectly coiffed, even as a statement was read out drafting her minister in the bridal sea of gowns of two young teenage girls. After her estranged husband Paul Teale, stands trial (for murder in the same case) and the pallid ban on her trial is finally lifted, the public will learn the details of Honschka's convective on two counts of manslaughter in the killings of Kristen French and Leslie Malloy—what happened, when and how. But not why. No one may ever know why a pretty middle-class girl, from what friends and neighbors call a once quiet family would get involved in such heinous crimes.

The man that Canadians can know for now are the brutal strokes of Karla Honschka's history. The trial begins on the polluted road that leads to the site where her family used to live in a trailer park on the

industrialized outskirts of St. Catharines. Her father, Karl, and mother, Dorothy, moved to the city from the Toronto area (in the mid-1970s when Karla was about 5). Karl Honschka, a refugee from Czechoslovakia, along with a group of his relatives who lived in the same trailer park, started a picture framing business. One former neighbor remembers the Honschkas doing odd jobs: selling paintings outside local shopping malls. By 1977, Karl and Dorothy had moved their family—Karla and her younger sisters, Lori and Tami—into a pretty house, a clapboard townhouse in the city's north end. Two years later, they moved again, this time into a comfortable scrubbed house in the neighborhood of Merrinton, where the Honschkas lived.

Most of Karla's friends and relatives have provided heavily for the family, deciding to talk to reporters. At a recent party around the pool in the Honschkas' backyard, Karla held up a colorful box to shield Karl from prying photographers. One teeny friend who, like most of those who did

agree to speak, shared that his niece had not died, recalled that Karla Honschka used to talk about how he escaped from Czechoslovakia and "how happy he was to get over here." Neighbors remember the Honschkas as pleasant. "They were a happy, normal family," said one former school friend of Karla's youngest sister, Tami, who died tragically at age 15 in 1990.

A high school friend of Karla's said that the three Honschka sisters were close. "She loved her sisters," he said of Karla. "Tami got on her nerves and everything, but she loved her." Corey Cudby, 20, a neighbor who used to play soccer with Tami in the field behind their houses, said that Tami was "really athletic and outgoing and popular." She did gymnastics, track-and-field and cross-country at school, but her real passion was soccer, a game she began playing when she was six years old.

Tami Honschka's teammates on the St. Catharines Girls Soccer Club attended her funeral—there is even a soccer ball on her gravestone at Victoria Lawn Cemetery. She died on Christmas Eve, in the basement of the family house, during a small gathering at which both Karla Honschka and Teale, Karla's then-boyfriend, were present. A coroner in the case found that Tami had choked to death on her vomit. But since Teale's arrest on several sexual charges in February, the investigation has been reopened. Tami's death—and now the renewed investigation—shocked the community. "She was a wonderful person, very outgoing and kind," remembers a schoolmate. "Nobody seems to have questioned her death two years ago," she added. "Obviously, it should be looked at again, but I think the family has gone through enough."

At St. Winston Churchill Secondary School, Karla Honschka was involved in the choir and variety shows and did some tutoring, according to her 1984 graduation yearbook. She also was known as an athletic lover who dated on the family's own and worked part time at a pet store. "She would get a lot of attention from the boys," says Kevin Jacobs, who met her during singing class in Grade 9, "but if anyone tried to hurt as a sexual, she was leaping about it." She preferred to dress in black or all white, never pink or frilly clothes, friends say. And she seemed strong-willed and independent. "She said what was on her mind, which a lot of girls don't," recalls Jacobs. But she occasionally exhibited an uneasy self-consciousness, as well. "She was not one to brag by herself," explains Jacobs. "In singing terms, we had to do them in front of the class by ourselves, and she'd get really close to the microphone and she'd start to turn around so she wouldn't watch her song. And she had a good voice."

By her third year in high school, Karla's interest in school activities waned and she began hanging out with a small clique of close friends. They would occasionally stop



Feluda shielding Honschka from media cameras; yearbook entry (below): They were a happy, normal family

classes and drive around the school parking lot listening to a Beatle Boys song called *You Gotta Fight for Your Right to Party*, a friend says. According to another yearbook entry, Karla also belonged to an informal circle that called itself the "Thousand Club." "What a beautiful name," remembers Jacobs, "as when they marry, they will carry on."

In another entry, under the heading



"wedded dream," Karla wrote: "To marry Paul and see him more than once a week." Paul was Paul Bernier, an Teale was then known. They met on October 17, 1989. She was just 17, he was a 23-year-old University of Toronto bachelor of arts graduate, training as an accountant while living in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough. Although she had dated before, friends say, Teale was her first serious relationship. He showered her with gifts, shared her with his easy

manner. "She had 300 phone bills," Jacobs recalled. "She was working part time at a pet store and that's where most of her money was." Added a teacher: "She was in the class—the first to get her hand during the week, and every weekend." She used to gush about her handsome blond blue-eyed boyfriend, and show his picture around. While she was in Grade 12, they became engaged. "She was walking around, showing off her ring," a classmate recalls.

After school, Karla went to work as a veterinary assistant at a St. Catharines clinic while the couple began planning their wedding in nearby Niagara on the Lake—was a lavish affair, complete with honeymoon cottage and a phrasal dinner, followed by a honeymoon in Hawaii. And they moved to St. Catharines' upscale Port Dalhousie neighborhood, into a quiet pink clapboard Cape Cod style house just three kilometres from the old trailer park where Karla used to live.

There had been signs of trouble during Paul and Karla's courtship. At a graduation party for Karla, according to newspaper reports, Teale got into a fight with a

group of her male classmates because he thought one of them was interested in her. After their marriage, the couple applied to have their marriages changed to Teale because Paul told his friends, he had had a falling out with his parents. And Karla seemed increasingly isolated from her friends. Still, when the marriage ended abruptly last January, after Teale was charged with assaulting his wife with a flashlight and she left him, her friends were surprised. "Nobody ever knew what was going on," Dr. Patsy West, a veterinarian at the clinic where Honschka worked, said last February. "We were shocked when she told us."

Toronto police charged Teale shortly afterwards with a series of sexual assaults in Scarborough. In May, he was charged with murder in the deaths of Malloy—whose body parts were discovered encased in concrete on the same day that he and Karla were married—and of French, who was abducted and killed last year. The manslaughter charges against Honschka were laid at about the same time. Last week, just hours after her conviction, the path that Honschka followed took her 350 km away—from the pretty pink house and the tiny lake marriage that never was—to Kingston's Prison For Women.

MARY NUNNEN with ANNE MARIE OWENS in St. Catharines



# A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

## Relatives face their pain and fears

Many of the speculation on the St. Catharines, Ont., coroner last week erupted when learning the gruesome details of Karla Bonomi's crime. But what moved many of them to turn over the painful recollections of the mother of Bonomi's two teenage victims, Debbie Mackay and Donna French, speaks eloquently about their illness and about how their deaths have shaped their families. Ontario Court Justice Francis Brown ordered that Boni "victim impact statements"—used for consideration in sentencing under a 1988 amendment to the Criminal Code—should be forever sealed from publication. But the statements prepared by Mackay and French are critical in the anguished words of the relatives of other young murder victims. Last week, Maclean's Associate Editor Gwenda Brady spoke with several of those who are living in the aftermath of a shocking loss.

Presley's 15-year-old daughter Nina was abducted, shot and killed near their Burlington, Ont., home in 1991. Jonathan Yeo, who married Nina while free on bail awaiting trial for a sex offence, later shot himself during a police chase.

"For the first few months, I felt an intense horror at what had happened. When somebody coldly kills a child who is so gentle, it shatters everything. I try not to think about how she died, how her privacy was destroyed once after death with all people going over her body. I just try to step the weekend because that is what Nina would have done for me. She wanted to be a doctor because she cared so much about people."

"Nina loved to sing. I don't listen to music as go to concerts because it brings back the pain. I try to avoid those situations, but it's hard. There is a pain over my girl after two years of mourning past. But every now and then, something breaks the skin and it all comes flooding back. With every stage of the St. Catharines case I want 10 steps back. It still felt as though I'm in a bubble."

In November, 1997, an armed robber shot and killed 26-year-old Laura Dene while she was

working at her parents' enter store in Keweenaw, N.B. Patrick Maclean was later convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to life in prison. Laura's sister, Rhonda Currier, now 26, was a third-year English student at nearby Mount Allison University at the time.

"Laura's death made school seem so meaningless. I couldn't concentrate on anything, so I dropped out and never went

back. There was just too much anger and shock. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw that guy shooting Laura in the back room as she cried and pleaded for her parents."

"My younger sister, Brenda, was 13 when it happened. It took her a long time to stop being angry with the world. My older brother, Ted, never talks about it, but I know he still hurts. There's an empty spot inside me that will never go away. I think we all feel it. My parents still feel three sisters. They feel incredible pain. Not a day goes by that we don't think of Laura. I want that guy to know what he took from us. It's not like stealing a car. He stole a life. He stole a part of us."

Wina Leadley of Calgary used to call her daughter Brenda three times a day to make sure she was safe from the threat of a brutal ex-boyfriend. When she passed on the morning of May 2, 1992, a jobless teenager, but would not let her about was wrong. Leadley later learned that 25-year-old Brenda had been beaten and stabbed to death. Her ex-boyfriend, Robert Thompson, is now serving a 10-year sentence for second-degree murder in Atlantic Institution in Downs, N.S.

"For 18 years, I've lived in fear that Brenda's killer will find us. He was on a day pass from prison when he killed my daughter. A few years ago, he wrote a letter describing in detail how he would kill us. Then, he tried to transfer to a prison closer to us in British Columbia. Last month, I thought to stop him from getting day passes again. In two years, he is up for parole. I feel like I'm the one as close to death."

"My husband and I broke up from the stress. After missing our kids, I had started on a good career. But I quit my job after Brenda's death to raise her two children. They were devastated from losing a mother. I was devastated from losing a daughter. One of my other children had a nervous breakdown. And we had to cope with constant threats from the killer. Every birthday, every Christmas, brings back the horror of her murder. The two children



Debbie Mackay, victim's mother

have been adopted, to change their names. I've done harder times than this and the horror never ends."

Clack Collins of Surrey, B.C., recently held his son Jamar, 35, to take a bus home with friends when he called from a party last October. A few blocks from the bus stop, a gang of teenagers confronted Jamar and stabbed him to death. A 17-year-old boy, who cannot be named under the Young Offenders Act, is charged with second-degree murder in the case. This week, the B.C. Court of Appeal is to review a lower court's refusal to let him stand trial as an adult. If convicted in adult court he would face a maximum sentence of life imprisonment. If tried as a young offender, the maximum sentence is three to five years.

"At first, we were overwhelmed with grief. I blamed myself for not giving him a ride that night. His best friend, who watched Jamar die in his arms, blamed himself for missing from the attack. My oldest daughter wondered why she had not tried to catch up with Jamar at the party. But we had all those things that we did 100 times before. There is no guilt here. The only guilty party is the person who put a knife through my son's lungs and heart."

"I've become more philosophical about the loss. I am not searching for reasons why it happened now because it was totally random. Our tragedy could have been somebody else's if another person got off that bus. But I want to see the killer judged as we wish. If you are old enough to inflict this kind of violence, then you are old enough to stand in adult court. We want to change the Young Offenders Act. If we can do that, maybe we can find some kind of meaning for his death."



Collins and wife, Donna. "Totally random"

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| <input type="checkbox"/> EMPLOYED PART-TIME     | <input type="checkbox"/> STUDENT      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SELF-EMPLOYED          | <input type="checkbox"/> RETIRED      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (PLEASE SPECIFY) |                                       |

WHAT IS YOUR AGE GROUP?

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 25 TO 34 | <input type="checkbox"/> 65 OR OVER |

# BORDERLINE

## MEXICO'S VAST INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR TAKES A HEAVY TOLL ON HEALTH AND THE ENVIRONMENT

The smell has been a constant and unwelcome neighbor for almost as long as *loma* Mendocino-Garcia can remember. Ever since she was a child, the stinky breezy's of the town, now 35, has lived in the shadow of the factories that line Avenida Dawson in the northern Mexican border town of Matamoros. Some of the mostly U.S.-owned plants manufacture products that are relatively benign, such as cooking oils and woodblock supports. But others produce powerful and potentially lethal chemicals, grandchildproofed for governing safety poles and rubber tires, and agricultural pesticides in highly concentrated form. "These chemicals give the air in the neighborhood its distinctive acid odor—oil," Mendocino-Garcia claims, have produced a grim legacy of health problems among its residents. "Everything is contaminated," she told *Planet* last week. "We know it is harmful," added Mendocino-Garcia, who leads local efforts to close or relocate some of the plants. "Some of my neighbors have asthma. Some have bronchitis, skin irritations and problems with their eyes and lives."

In the week after a U.S. federal judge ordered the United States government to prepare an environmental impact assessment of the proposed North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), a visit to the town along the U.S.-Mexico border turned up plenty of cause for concern. Along the Mexican side of the border where foreign-owned factories have already enjoyed tariff advantages for more than a quarter of a century, the heavy stench of industrial sewage hangs over two bundles of poor Mexican, makeshift neighborly huts where most of the plants' workers live. A long tail of toxic debris and juvenile car-

A shon and factory in Matamoros industrial sludge and human waste



ers on both sides of the border may be the most more immediate consequences of toxic industrial pollution. Still, it was far from evident that the conclusion of a NAFTA pact among Canada, the United States and Mexico would significantly worsen these borders.

For one thing, the ecological and sanitary barriers that have multiplied along the border have done so not without a free trade agreement in place. Moreover, the Mexican government has made large strides in recent years in wards enhancing the worst problems, creating a sweeping new environmental law in 1988, and committing more than half a billion dollars to combat pollution, a shift of leadership children took refuge from last week's stench but in the murky water of a sewage canal that drains several nearby industrial parks.

Across the city, an early rain could be seen emptying her backyard latrine into an outdoor holding sewage canal, where a constant industrial stench and human waste has turned a black, rubbery sludge along both banks of the slow-moving stream. Complaints like that of Mendocino-Garcia's neighbors are heard in many of the city's other outposts as well. The kilometer-distant town of Brownsville, Texas, where a refinery of the U.S. based Du Pont company produces poisonous hydrogen fluoride, likewise Placido Hernandez, 45, said that skin rashes and bronchitis are common health problems. For the town's farmers, she added, "The crops have not grown well since the plant opened."

Nor are the complaints confined to the Mexican side of the border. Across the 50-foot-wide Rio Grande in Brownsville, Paula Garcia, the executive director of the city's Community Health Clinic, declared "Pollution doesn't know a border, the wind doesn't know Texas citizenship law." In fact, the United States contributes its own share to the pollution along the border. The cotton, sugar, sorghum and vegetable fields that line the U.S. side of the lower Rio Grande valley are heavily treated with a wide variety of pesticides that leech from the soil into the river. Further upstream, coyote and toad eat gold from low-grade ore has also made its way into the Rio Grande.

What effect the wind and waterborne pollutants have on the health of both countries' residents has only recently begun to be studied—but the preliminary results are alarming. In April, 1991, three babies suffering from maculopathy, the partial or complete absence of a brain were born within a 26-hour period in a Brownsville hospital. That spelled an end to that child's life, and another child died within a week. In the Brownsville school district between 1981 and 1983 (Observed Garcia) "We have a

The toll of such accu-

med growth is evident along much of the 3,000-km U.S.-Mexico border. Within sight of the Pacific Ocean, lanes from *lago* de Chaparral, burned to generate electricity for the industries of El Paso, drift northward to strand San Diego. California's 50 km away, is an industrial city. At Ciudad Juarez, close to the midpoint of the border, raw sewage flows sluggishly in a 20-kilometer canal that parallels the course of the narrow Rio Grande, forming a noxious moat between the Mexican city and neighboring El Paso, Texas.

The same problems are difficult to escape in Matamoros and its U.S. neighbor, Brownsville, Texas, two cities that straddle the polluted Rio Grande about 20 km west of where the river meets the Gulf of Mexico. Less than two kilometers from Mendocino-Garcia's neighborhood, a clutch of lead-pipe children took refuge from last week's stench but in the murky water of a sewage canal that drains several nearby industrial parks. Across the city, an early rain could be seen emptying her backyard latrine into an outdoor holding sewage canal, where a constant industrial stench and human waste has turned a black, rubbery sludge along both banks of the slow-moving stream.

Complaints like that of Mendocino-Garcia's neighbors are heard in many of the city's other outposts as well. The kilometer-distant town of Brownsville, Texas, where a refinery of the U.S. based Du Pont company produces poisonous hydrogen fluoride, likewise Placido Hernandez, 45, said that skin rashes and bronchitis are common health problems. For the town's farmers, she added, "The crops have not grown well since the plant opened."

Nor are the complaints confined to the Mexican side of the border. Across the 50-foot-wide Rio Grande in Brownsville, Paula Garcia, the executive director of the city's Community Health Clinic, declared "Pollution doesn't know a border, the wind doesn't know Texas citizenship law." In fact, the United States contributes its own share to the pollution along the border. The cotton, sugar, sorghum and vegetable fields that line the U.S. side of the lower Rio Grande valley are heavily treated with a wide variety of pesticides that leech from the soil into the river. Further upstream, coyote and toad eat gold from low-grade ore has also made its way into the Rio Grande.

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### AIL POWER

NAFTA members agreed to start deploying landfills and power plant air filters to basins in Italy in preparation for a summit to protect US power, soon in reaction to basins, including troops to be sent to Bosnia, "aid" arms. The air-pollution agreement, which opens up the prospect of Western military action to Bosnia, Yugoslavia, is expected to start within weeks. The United Nations plans to deploy some 7,500 extra troops to the six Muslim enclaves.

### TRUCKS IN GEORGIA

Georgian leader Eduard Shevardnadze declared martial law in the breakaway region of Abkhazia. Hundreds of people have been killed in fighting in the Black Sea region since August, when Shevardnadze sent in troops to quell a rebel movement. Abkhazians pressed demands for more autonomy from the former Soviet republic.

### A MIDWEST DELUGE

U.S. federal disaster officials said that record flooding in the Mississippi River basin has already caused an estimated \$1 billion in crop losses and agricultural damage in several Midwestern states. President Bill Clinton said that he will ask Congress to approve emergency funding to help farmers and other flood victims.

### DISRUPTING A CRISIS

Nigeria's two army created political parties agreed to the formation of an interim civilian national government, ending the 1990-91 crisis. The interim government is expected to take office on Aug. 27.

### NAILING THE NORTH

On the eve of a visit to South Korea, U.S. President Bill Clinton warned that if demands for North Korea ever developed and used a nuclear weapon, the United States would "severely strongly retaliate" and "it would mean the end of their country as they know it." U.S. and North Korea representatives were scheduled to meet this week to discuss the issue. The country's stance is well-known from a very modern war-prone treaty. Washington wants North Korea to agree to inspections to determine whether it is trying to develop a nuclear capability.



A Matamoros medical clinic: a grim legacy of health problems for residents

school right across the parking lot (from her clinic) that is filled with kids that are severely handicapped, physically and mentally. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know it's not right."

It was accurate, such as that one that prompted three environmental groups to launch a court action that resulted in a U.S. federal Judge Charles Seelye's June 30 ruling that NAFTA should be subject to a full environmental impact assessment. The ruling, since appealed by the Clinton administration, could delay implementation of the free trade pact beyond its target date of Jan. 1, 1994. Declared Michael McCloskey, chairman of the San Francisco-based Sierra Club, which initiated the court action along with the Friends of the Earth and consumer watchdog Ralph Nader's Public Choice, "NAFTA contains language that will drag down environmental standards in Canada and the United States and exacerbate the pollution along the U.S.-Mexico border without any kind of benefit for protection."

Mexican environmentalists also dispute that assertion. SEDESOL spokesman Remon, for one, notes that Mexico's congress has more than doubled its environmental agency's budget every year since 1980, committing \$280 million for its operations this year. The ambitious Zavira natural gas law, passed in 1988, has been reinforced since then. Environmental agencies, Senon adds, consumed \$70 billion in the regulatory role in 1993, following 109 of them to natural operations and \$400 million were corrected and shutting down 17 others entirely. Pleas of quality of lower officers lead fines of up to \$200,000 for each violation of pollution standards.

Senon's pride is shared in SEDESOL's Matamoros office, where a first case impact

last said concerns 98 area factories from a cramped two-room office. "We feel we're doing a good job," declared one local enforcement officer, who requested that his name not be used. "The system works very efficiently because we have authority to bring things on entire plant, the office and everything, if it violates standards."

But strained resources plainly limit the agency's good intentions. The nearly 700 legislative plants inspected all along the border last year accounted for fewer than

three of the cost, about \$800 each. "A single expenditure like that is very difficult to come by," he said, noting that with incomes of only \$10 to \$15 a week, most of his neighbors "can't even afford food." It is the same problem that afflicts the basic against pollution at every level in Mexico. The government of President Carlos Salinas de Gortari "does have a real commitment to the environment," asserts Alfonso Cipres, president of the Mexican Ecological Movement. But, he adds, "it is very difficult

years to clean up the border region, involving \$280 million for sewage treatment. The agency has not yet begun to build two treatment plants planned for Matamoros. At the same time, a program to extend water and sewer lines to the many houses that still lack basic services has faltered on the inability of many poor residents to pay their share of the cost of the project.

In one new neighborhood on the eastern edge of Matamoros where more than 100 families live in tiny houses without either electricity or sanitation, householders must carry water home in buckets from distant taps. The SEDESOL-administered voluntary program offers to pay half the cost of installing water and sewer lines to each house. But according to the colony's president, Ilanacio Cuervo-Nava, a 14-year-old meat cutter who shares a cramped and cluttered two-room shack with his wife and two children, the families are obliged to pay their required share of the cost, about \$800 each. "A single expenditure like that is very difficult to come by," he said, noting that with incomes of only \$10 to \$15 a week, most of his neighbors "can't even afford food."

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one third of the total, and Senon acknowledges that even the 1,500 inspectors still SEDESOL hopes to have in operation nationwide by the end of this year will be "insufficient." In Matamoros, meanwhile, there is no money to achieve SEDESOL's goal of installing air-quality monitors at the edges of each of the city's industrial parks.

Measures to treat industrial sewage lag even farther behind. SEDESOL's ambitious plan, despite a commitment in late 1991 to spend \$880 million over the following three

years to clean up the border region, involving \$280 million for sewage treatment. The agency has not yet begun to build two treatment plants planned for Matamoros. At the same time, a program to extend water and sewer lines to the many houses that still lack basic services has faltered on the inability of many poor residents to pay their share of the cost of the project.

CHIRN WOOD is in Matamoros with ALBERTO DIERCKX in Mexico City.

## GERMANY

# Auf Wiedersehen, goodbye

Canadian troops prepare to leave Europe

Col. Les Corbett runs what he calls "the biggest flea market in southern Germany." Corbett is commander of the Canadian Forces base in Laib, home for a quarter of a century to the men, women and fighting machines that represented Canada's commitment to help defend Western Europe during the tense days of the Cold War. But these days Corbett's job is more prosaic. As Canada prepares to pull out after nearly two decades with NATO in Europe, he is in charge of shutting down a Canadian community on the edge of the Black Forest that at its peak swelled to almost 20,000 people. It is moving thousands of tons of equipment back to Canada and selling all that is no longer needed—everything from tripods to typewriters. There is even the occasional old discovery, such as the complete chemical warfare suit for a horse left over from a time when the French army occupied the base. It is a job as big as packing up Corbett's home town of Pembroke, Ont., and shifting of thousands of miles across the ocean. "It's a big job," he said last week, "it's the closing down of a small town and relocating it back to Canada."

For the forces, shutting down Laib and their other German base at nearby Sigmaringen is the most logistical operation since Canadian troops returned to Europe in the early 1950s as the country's biggest, and costliest, commitment to the NATO alliance. More importantly, withdrawal from Europe, along with European peacekeeping missions from Cyprus after 38 years there, is the most dramatic mission since the defense department is at an attempt to cut costs and adjust to life in the shrunken defense post-Cold War era. For the people of Laib, a picturesque town of 38,000 surrounded by dark wooded hills



Canadians sharing NATO military exercise post-Cold War cost cutting

ving city, Belleville, Ont., the departure of the Canadians is little short of a disaster. Already last year Germany's sharp recession, they face the sudden loss of a quarter of their population. Some businesses have already failed, many others are struggling and local people worry deeply that migration from Eastern Europe will swell the unemployment ranks. In his office in Laib's elegant town hall, a newly joining Major Wayne Dierckx acknowledges that, aside from tourism, "this is the biggest challenge in the city's history."

This week, the city, the state and Ger-

many's federal government are giving the Canadian Forces their official farewell in Laib. German Defense Minister Volker Rühe and his Canadian counterpart, Thomas Addison, were to watch a German Bf-105 and other troops head and machines performing an elaborate military ceremony known as a "Grand Parade." The hosts have not yet officially closed said the end of this year and Laib is not scheduled to shut down completely until August, 1994, but by then there will be so few Canadians left that it would be difficult to gather an audience. Already, only 2,600 Canadian Armed Forces personnel remain in Germany, down from their 1990 peak of about 4,000. On July 30, the Maple Leaf flag will be lowered to signal the final closing of the headquarters of Canadian Forces Europe. By the end of this summer, just 600 officers and 1,000 women will be left—and their only task will be to pack up the remaining equipment and turn the bases over to German authorities.

By last week, much of the Laib had been converted to a ghost town. At the compound that houses the Forces' headquarters building, almost everything was shut to tight: the supermarket where hundreds of families shopped on a Supermarket. Canadian media and newspapers from Toronto and Montreal, the outdoor restaurant that served as a gathering place, and even the White Valley Curling Club "This was Main Street Canada here," said Lt.-Col. Ralph Coleman, the Forces' main spokesman in Laib. "Now, it's all over. It's called 'The German, a Sea and World War movie hall. It is an eerie role of one of his favorite films, *Taste of Death*."

Laib, which is an American town, is a deserted village in Berlin and bears the ghostly scars of its wartime casualties. "I get that feeling now, walking around all these empty buildings," says Dierckx. For Laib and Baden, the Canadian departure could hardly have come at a worse time. When the Canadians were at full strength, they pumped \$400 million a year into the local economy—buying expensive German cars and services. Many of the town's bars and restaurants had paying customers embroiled there for years. However, when Ottawa announced in September, 1990, that the bases would close, local officials seemed

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confidence that the booming economy of the Rhine Valley could absorb the loss. The unemployment rate rose then just three per cent and later climbed just up a tick more in one year, how to convert the airfield and vacant buildings to civilian use. Now, the picture is quite different: Germany is in its deepest recession since the war, unemployment is at eight per cent and many of the city cannot find companies willing to move in. "It has had happened five years ago, I would have had a lot less sleepless nights," Bletsch said ruefully.

Already, local people complain that migrants from the east are moving in. Now are ethnic Germans from Russia, Poland and elsewhere, who under German law have an automatic right to settle in Germany and take immediate advantage of the country's generous social legislation. Often, however, they speak little German and are regarded even tally as foreigners, with their large families and unfamiliar customs. For the straitened burghers of Jülich, the great fear is that several thousand migrants may soon flood in, bringing with them a ramp in petty crime and what local people regard as disorderly behavior—like hanging out their washing at the wrong times.

All this has made Germans positively nostalgic for the Canadians who have lived among them for 40 years in Baden and 28 years in Lahr. They once praised each Canadian allegedly poor driving habits and their

ignorance of the strict German rules that forbade doing chores like washing cars or cutting lawns on Sundays and holidays. A small minority of left-wingers and Green Party activists also protested against the presence of the military as well as noise and pollution from low-flying CF-18 jet fighters. Now, however, there is genuine regret about the departure—as well as more selfish motives. "The more Canadians left, the more people realized how much money they brought in," says Ulrich Kersney, a Lahr canteen who trained a Canadian soldier, Sgt. Richard Kersney of St. John's, Nfld. "Once it comes to someone's pocketbook, they become a lot friendlier."

For the military, leaving Germany eliminates a plain posting that gave tens of thousands of soldiers and airmen an opportunity to travel in Europe and work closely with other NATO forces. Under the plan that Ottawa announced in 1991, prompted by the collapse of the Warsaw Pact and the elimination of the strategic threat to Western Europe, Canada would have left a mobile task force of 1,300 troops in Germany. But in the February 1992 federal budget, even that was discarded. Once Lahr finally closes next summer, the only Canadian troops based permanently in Europe will be 150 attached to an AWACS air surveillance contingent at Gelkenkirchen, Germany, and another 250 posted to several NATO staff offices. Canada remains committed to keeping a 3,000-strong base brigade and two CF-15 squadrons ready

to come to the defense of Europe at short notice. But independent analysts have no doubt that closing the bases is a fundamental change in Canada's military posture. "In the strategic sense, it's the end of an era," says Alex Morrison, director of the Canadian Institute for Strategic Studies in Toronto. "When you keep 1,100 troops over there and you want to send more, it's a matter of reinforcing. When you don't have any, it's a brand new decision." In public, at least, senior officers loudly support the decision to close Lahr and Baden, which at their peak strength cost Canadian taxpayers \$1.2 billion a year. Corbett, the Lahr base commander, noted that all Western powers are shunning their troop strengths in Europe. The United States, in particular, is closing dozens of bases in Germany and cutting back to just 100,000 troops there from a late 1980s peak of 350,000. "The threat is no longer conventional forces, but small headlamps," said Corbett. "From a Canadian point of view, that does not require troops stationed here."



Sentry post of Lahr: much of the base now resembles a ghost town

Canada dispatched troops from Lahr-Baden to the Persian Gulf in 1990 and to Croatia last year, but planners say that they could have been sent directly from Canada. Other analysts, though, maintain that withdrawing from Europe will have soldier diplo-

macy, strategic and even trade effects. Canada, says Morrison, is losing a vital area of influence at a time when the government is searching for ways to assert a leadership role in the new era of international peacekeeping. And in NATO, he says, Ottawa's influence will

certainly shrink, although Canada remains a full member of the alliance. Sam Morrison: "People are saying that we can't expect to have high level officers at NATO headquarters if we don't have troops over there."

In Lahr and Baden, however, the exiles are more practical. About 350,000 Canadian—military personnel, their families and civilians—have lived in the area over the past four decades. Thousands of Germans have worked Canada on "working holidays" from Lahr's airfield, and some have seen their daughters marry Canadian soldiers and go off to raise families in Canada. Some local people are working to make sure that the long connection does not disappear entirely next year. Canadians who have stayed on in Lahr say that they will try to keep the local branch of the Royal Canadian Legion open (Others are seeking money to open a permanent Canada House in Lahr to serve as a centre for information and future contacts—as well as a reminder of the Canadian presence there. "Just because the military leaves, it doesn't mean everything should disappear," says Rainer Stillebrandt, president of the city's 175-member German-Canadian Friendship Club. "We want the links to survive." Whether they succeed or not, Lahr will be coping with the aftermath of its Canadian experience for many years to come.

ANDREW PHILLIPS in Lahr with  
R. KERRY POLSON in Ottawa



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**TOSHIBA**

# SPECIAL DELIVERY

## A U.S. GIANT AND A SMALLER CANADIAN FIRM FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO IMPROVE SERVICE FOR PENSIONERS

When federal officials recently declared Invesco Estate, ES, of Saskatoon, and Hazel McCallum, 74, of Winnipeg, Sask., dead, the two women took lively exception. Both noted the deparations of human resources and labor (currently national health and welfare) at their companies' expense. But by then, both had missed at least one silver persons cheque on which they depend. No one was even instructed by the error that Monique Plante, Plante in the ministerial deputy minister in charge of the federal agency that delivers monthly payments under the Canada Pension Plan (CPP), Old Age Security (OAS) or Guaranteed Income Supplement (GIS) payments. And she is very much aware of her agency's shortcomings: "We have technology of the 1950s and 1960s so do work that's required in the 1990s," Plante acknowledged. "It's totally antiquated—we do not provide quality service."

Plante is hoping to change that, however, by looking to private industry to bring new life to her agency's antiquated bureaucracy and antique computer system. "Telephone banks alone, she says, are so overwhelmed that half of all calls fail to get through. Meanwhile, it takes no fewer than 30 paperwork memos, faxes and two months to acknowledge a pensioner's benefit. Plante's goal is to cut that time eventually in about twenty minutes and to eliminate virtually all paperwork by providing local office staff with the technology to

approve applications immediately. Achieving that goal is especially urgent because demographers predict that the number of Canadians qualifying to receive pension benefits under the existing rules will increase by 52 per cent over the next decade to about 4 million from 3.2 million.

Locked in an intense rivalry for the more than \$150 million contract to help Plante in her mission are two high-profile Canadian IT systems companies—one from the United States and the other Canadian. The larger of the two is Dallas-based EDS Ltd., the company started by 1982 independent presidential campaign Ross Perot. It is now one of the world's largest providers of information technology. Its rival challenger, 19-year-old SBC, headquartered in St. Catharines, however, is widely viewed as the North American market leader in the specialty of managing networks of personal computers that rival mainframe computers in power, but at less costly, so-called client-server systems.

The two firms emerged as finalists last August, as part of the federal government's attempt to apply radical new provisions to boost bureaucratic productivity. EDS and SBC each received \$5 million in federal funds to develop proposals—and model offices—demonstrating the systems suitable to overhaul the Invesco Security Programs Branch. The companies submitted final bids on June 4, but while both are eager to win the federal contract, the first would make more money as SBC's revenues (\$539 million last year) soar as EDS's (\$8.6 billion).

Reported that, says Stan Kurylowicz, SBC's executive vice president, the chance to redesign—and perhaps eventually take over—the delivery of such critical social programs is something that "we do not let ourselves take." Added Kurylowicz: "These programs are fundamental to what makes Canada great. We want to do the work with Canadians."

Both companies, however, share the view that modern communications have over-whelmed established notions of national sovereignty. Any firm providing services to large



EDS control control in Britain: the goal is to eliminate virtually all paperwork

global corporate customers, they say, must be able to operate across national borders. Indeed, free trade pacts are opening up government service contracts to international bidders at a time when costs—including Canada, are plummeting: more of their operations SBC recently handled from that trend, when it won a \$600 million, 10-year contract to streamline the processing of income tax returns for Mexico. These conditions have fueled global demand for each of the companies' services. And estimates at the global market for computer services by the year 2000 more upwards from \$100 billion.

The federal government's hoped-for changes will set an overhauled mainframe computer located in Ottawa replaced by local computer networks. The model offices set up in Ottawa by both firms have already served to do more than demonstrate that technology. A steady stream of officials from other departments have received loans, reinforcing hopes on the part of both companies that the successful overhaul of pension delivery will lead to more contracts at other Canadian federal agencies.

There was a time when EDS would have entered a competition such as this one as the underdog rather than the established multinational corporate giant. Indeed, when Perot began the company with \$1,000 (U.S.) and one employee in 1982, he began selling his services before EDS even owned a computer

on which to deliver them. But by the time that General Motors Ltd. (GM) targeted the company for acquisition in 1994, EDS had grown into a major corporation with 13,000 employees and revenues of \$850 million.

The merger with GM survived, but after 20 turbulent months, the corporation paid Perot \$800 million for his GM shares and to join the GM board of directors. Les Albert, who was in charge at GM EDS's non-GM related operations at the time, then took over as president. "The company had been through so much trauma," Albert told *Windsor*, "what we needed was a period of time to settle down." Under his direction, EDS discarded Perot's obsessive American patriotism, which had discouraged it from doing international business. The company was now established in 30 countries and has built the world's largest privately run international data network to link its offices.

That's how one characterizes SBC's past. When SBC, director owned their high-profile former chairman, Rodrick McLean, in June 1991, they hired John Gloscoe from the Ontario office of management consultants Arthur Andersen. He assumed control of the company that had failed to capitalize on its expertise in client-server computer networks, the fastest growing part of the systems market. He has since launched SBC's losses,

bringing them down to \$8.5 million last year from \$40.5 million in 1990.

Fearing SBC's future to its lead in network installations, Gloscoe has vigorously expanded the company's international presence. In addition to its American contract, the company signed deals last year to help European and American post offices track emigrant mail, and it joined Korean industrial giant Samsung Co. Ltd. as an alliance to market computer services around the Pacific Rim. SBC also established several U.S. footholds. By February, the company moved back into the black and reported revenues of \$19 million on revenues of \$987 million in the first three quarters of its 1995 accounting year.

The decision as to which system the Canadian government will choose still seems to be months away. "The objective is to have a decision by the summer or fall—but a number of variables have come up," and Plante. And the largest and most predictable of those is that "we're probably going to have an election." Which means that, while politicians promise better government, Canadian pensioners eager for faster service and pensions that are assessed will have to hold a little longer.

## Business Notes

### A NEW GIANT

Montreal-based credit union group Mouvement Desjardins will take over the Laurentian Group Corp., a holding company that owns the Laurentian Bank of Canada and Insurance and Trust company units. It is set to be completed by Oct. 31. The new entity, which is to be called Desjardins Laurentian Financial Corp., will have some 10,000 employees and combined assets of about \$40 billion. Anbyla estimated the takeover's cost to Desjardins at between \$750 million and \$1 billion.

### BOOKS AND BUST

Two days after posting record stock values and trading volumes, the Toronto Stock Exchange index dropped as buyers ran for the door last week. On October 12, the index, which represents the share prices of 300 of Canada's largest companies, shed 51.88 points on heavy trading to close at 3,859.98. Analysts said that a sell-off in gold, silver and oil and gas stocks was the driving force behind the decline, as investors decided to lock in their recent profits. The index closed the week at 3,927.43.

### FINANCIAL JAIL

A court order in the \$500-million U.S. savings and loan crisis involving Charles Keating, was sentenced to 120 years in prison following conviction on 73 charges of fraud, racketeering and securities violations. Keating, 60, will also have to pay \$550 million in fines associated with the collapse of American Continental Corp. of Phoenix, Ariz., and its subsidiary, Lincoln Savings and Loan.

### AIR CANADA SAYS

Air Canada has added \$300 million to its cash reserves with the sale of two 315-400 aircraft. The country's largest airline said Tuesday that U.S.-based General Electric Capital Corp. has agreed to lease the Boeing-built planes for \$387 million and then lease the two-year-old aircraft back to Air Canada.

### A PRIMA CUT

The chartered banks announced a reduction of their prime lending rate on July 12 to 5.75 per cent from six per cent, its lowest in nearly 26 years. Mortgage rates fumbled earlier by as much as six basis points, as the prime rate fell after the Bank of Canada dropped its lending rate slightly to 4.75 per cent, also the lowest since 1987.



## Fighting the force on Fundy's shores

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

New Brunswick is Irving country. Research Cain Irving, the family patriarch who founded the dynasty when he established a Model T Ford dealership in Brunswick in the early 1920s, died in the winter of 1989. His empire was worth an estimated \$7 billion at the time and it remains entangled by tax collectors, because Irving had lived the previous 20 years at a luxury estate in Bermuda, the most pleasant of the world's tax havens. He ran the 300-odd companies that he controlled well into his 90s, delegating operational authority to his three sons—Jack, Jim and Arthur—but still making the decisions that counted during the 180 days a year he was allowed to stay in Canada, while maintaining his voluntary residence only.

The sons, who are now in their 60s, have been best men for Eastern Canada's largest concrete mixer with the harsh title they learned at their father's knee: a combination of accuracy and acknowledgment. Their sons, who are now beginning to retire, are not on the same path—they don't smoke, don't drink, don't talk to reporters and work 16 hours a day, like God intended. The Irvings' penchant for secrecy remains. The Irvings' penchant for secrecy remains that they share corporate information with no one outside the family.

The family's affluence is based on the telephone. But surprisingly effective, rather than since they own most of New Brunswick's corporate assets (except those that belong to the McDonalds they should also be allowed to run the province and particularly the city of Saint John, where they mostly operate, their own way).

Seldom has their hard-earned exercise of power been more clearly displayed than in the current battle they are waging with a qualified couple, Ross and Wills Martin, who own a five-room bed and breakfast near Shelburne Point, just outside of the city on the Bay of Fundy. The Irvings are determined to buy a "basic waste treatment facility" on

*I had no idea how much power the Irvings have in New Brunswick. It's almost akin to a Latin American dictatorship.'*

the point, an unspoiled, postcard perfect piece of shoreline. The couple has gone to the wall to buy what they fear will be the most erodible pollution of the virgin shoreline. It's an uneven contest, and the Irvings will probably win. But at least they'll know they've been a bit of a fight.

The Irvings own a huge paper mill in downtown Saint John at Riverport Falls that currently discharges its untreated effluent into the St. John River. When the New Brunswick government recently passed legislation requiring the treatment of waste waters, the Irvings chose to comply with the law by building a pipeline to take the offending substances for treatment to land that they plan to buy the 100 acres west of the city, instead of treating the waste sent to the plant. But their treatment site happens to be near the Martin's' land and shoreline. There, the Irvings plan to die a huge service trace waste treatment, known, with most of the mill's cleaned-up wastes eventually pumped into the bay while the toxic sludge and mill effluents are buried next to the lagoons.

Wills Martin, 45, is a native of Saint John and a former fashion consultant who always dreamed of running a bed and breakfast, but

lost his dream, 31, moved east four years ago, after a stint running the Canadian Community Newspaper Association in Toronto. Before that, he ran a weekly newspaper in Port Huron, B.C., at the northern tip of Vancouver Island. Ross is now executive director of the Saint John United Way campaign, but has attempts to frustrate the Irvings' plan for the basic waste treatment lagoons are causing him trouble. "Two people have contacted our United Way board president," he told me, "to say that it was inappropriate for me to speak out on the issue. One of them is married to an Irving girl and has listed my involvement in the pollution issue straight about the Irvings' corporate contributions to this year's campaign. To the Irvings, living by the golden rule seems to mean 'do as the gods do, so the rules'."

Ross Martin is a thoughtful gentleman of a man, not given to violent acts or words, but his 18-month struggle with the Irvings has given him a tougher edge, made him see himself as a Canadian he never knew existed. "This sort of thing," he says, "happens to me first and in other places every day, but this is the one time I've been directly involved in a situation that makes me question whether I live in a democracy. I had no idea how much power the Irvings actually bring to bear on the citizens of New Brunswick. It's almost akin to a Latin American dictatorship, except that the killings go on surreptitiously in our newspapers, forest lands and waters."

Wills and his neighbors organized a Save Our Shores 1993 committee that demanded the idea of raising enough money to buy the Irvings property from the province and donate it to the University of New Brunswick for a marine biology campus. She says that President Bob Armstrong was delighted with the suggestion, though to never put his plan in writing. Wills adds that when she phoned the head of the marine biology department, he said, just before hanging up, "I was told to speak to me," and that I was not to speak to me." Subsequently, according to Wills, the Irvings—who recently acquired 100 acres adjacent to the Irvings' site—were told by someone that they could purchase the land if the city approved a rezoning application from rural agricultural to industrial use. Wills adds that she has been refused an audience with David John, Mayor Elsie Wayne, even though the city discussed the issue three times with the Irvings.

An Irving-funded environmental study has cleared the project of causing any blight and the company has even opened a nature preserve on Taylor's Island near the site. Mainly because of the Martin's persistence, the province has agreed to carry out an environmental impact study. The first ever done on a Irvings in Canada. The rezoning application was made on July 5 and public hearings are to be held in early August. The Irvings likely have the votes to carry the issue. "People say 'I'm going to fight the Irvings,'" says Wills Martin. "But I really feel I can. Just because you love money doesn't mean you have respect."

## PEOPLE

### NORTHERN LIGHT

Previously known as a character actor specializing in roles that exceed solemn authority, Benjamin Leslie Nielsen, 67, achieved comedic stardom as the pretentious doctor in the 1940s hit *My Darling Clementine*. He went on to make the hugely successful *The Naked Gun* (1992) and *The Naked Gun 2½ 1/2* (1991). Now, in his newly published autobiography, *The Naked Truth*, Nielsen takes a look at the superficial books many celebrities write about themselves. Nielsen, whose brother Erik Nielsen was deputy prime minister from 1964 to 1972, says that Canadians do not appreciate their own capacity for comedy. "One of the surprising observations of people here in their sense of humor, Canadians are off the wall and I think it's time to admit we're wacky, turn it loose and enjoy it."



## Fighting fright by loving the blob

She looks like Shirley Maeser, declares with the campy reverence of Sandra Bernhard, and has the natural edge of Lily Tomlin. Ann Magnuson's talents have helped make her a veteran of New York City's alternative night club scene, as well as sitcoms and comedies in *Topical Science*, *So, the Los Angeles-based actress, 57, says that being on stage alone is "terrifying." For the past six months, Magnuson has been performing in *You Could Be More Now*, a one-woman show that looks at social displacement in the age of AIDS. The show played in sold-out houses in Los Angeles and New York before opening in Toronto last weekend. Magnuson compares her stage fright by comparing the audience as "one big blob that I have to go and make love to." Explained Magnuson: "If they respond, we can have a really, really good time."*



## Down on the farm

In 1980, when playwright/director Robert Wilson was located his mother's farm near Peterborough, Ont., he found himself unsure what to do with it. "Then, I realized the farm could be my stage," Wilson, 40, recalls. Combining that people would travel down country roads and sit on benches in a barnyard to watch plays based on local history, his Fourth Line Theatre last summer launched a successful *Brownrock* run at The Glass Menagerie. That play was based on historical conflict between Catholic and Protestant settlers in Gosport Township, where the farm is located, in the first half of the 19th century. This year, the troupe is producing *Moodie/Track*, a play about pioneer and diarist Susanna Moodie and her sister, Catherine Parr Trill, who also lived nearby. Wilson says, "We need to let our people know that there is a lot of culture right in their own backyards."



The Great Illusionist

## MOUNTAIN MAN

Forty years ago, New Zealand explorer Edmund Hillary and his Sherpa guide, Tenzing Norgay, became the first people to scale Mount Everest. The feat gained Hillary a British knighthood and a lifetime of fame. But now, he shares most of his satisfaction from climbing the Nepalese summits with his wife and Everest's base. Although he has helped establish new hospitals and schools in the area, the indefatigable Hillary, 74, was in Toronto recently in search of funds for refurbishment of the area's St. Hillary. "If I can't be alone, I have to be to give something back, too."

## Double threat

Best-selling author Scott Turow is widely known as a lawyer who writes, but the reverse may be closer to the truth. Turow's first career was as a lecturer on creative writing at Stanford University, a post he held for three years. But after concluding that he did not need the makings of a great novelist, Turow entered Harvard Law School in 1975. While waiting at a law

Chicago law firm, Turow continued to scribble during his half-hour train ride to work every morning, eventually turning out a novel with a legal theme. It was Presumed Innocent, which became an international best-seller after its publication in 1986, and set the subsequent book, *The Verdict of Proof* (1988). His new legal thriller, *Presumed Guilty*, issued on 10 the best-seller lists.



The 46-year-old, who now practices law part-time, playfully compares the public's fascination with lawyers with pop sensation Madonna. "On one hand, you might think she's not real and very powerful, while on the other hand, you think she's incredibly great and expensive." Added Turow: "I would say that people think the same thing about lawyers."



Chalmers at CBS Online's Toronto headquarters, controlling bulletin boards

## TECHNOLOGY

# The globe shrinker

Electronic hookups link pen pals in science

**A**s a physics professor at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., Hugh Palmer spends much of his spare time group lecturing and supervising students, some of which he does with an Internet computer system to which he sends his students have access. At home in the evening, Palmer sits down at his personal computer and enters an electronic address in the mail control panel of time and distance are obliterated so that millions of participants in dozens of countries can exchange information, theories, news and gossip at all hours of the day and night. The rapidly growing global computer network, which is used by an estimated 10 million academic and government researchers, business personnel and computer users around the world, is called Internet. Because Internet linkages require communication among scientists and the exchange of huge amounts of information, Palmer says that he and many other scientists regard it as essential in their work. Adds Palmer: "I think that Internet is the most important technology developed in the sciences of the past two decades."

Based on a core network funded by the Washington-based National Science Foundation along with other federal organ-

izations and corporations during the early 1980s, Internet expanded to link 35 regional U.S. networks, which now cover about half of the 3,500 universities and colleges as well as hundreds of government agencies and corporations in the United States. Internet also connects networks in more than 50 countries, including most of Europe, Russia, China, Hong Kong, Australia and New Zealand, says Luis Arce, director of networks and Canada, where C.M. Inc. links regional Canadian networks with each other and with Internet. The network, says Palmer, "links the whole world your college."

Every day, Internet switches gigabytes amounts of data from place to place, as participants engage in on-line conversations or exchange messages through electronic mail systems. They read or contribute to some of Internet's more than 5,000 so-called newsgroups, in which discussions and debates are held on topics that include a vast array of scientific and academic areas of study. As well, Internet can be used to give scientists access to data stored in distant computers. Chris Beaman, a geophysicist at Haskins's Dalhousie University, has work now planning to use Internet as a means of creating dynamic video displays of data after getting se-

ismic to Beaman's data on Internet, as Australian scientists will use computerized projections worked out by Beaman to create videos on special equipment at Curtin's Australian National University, to share the evidence of river and mountain systems over millions of years.

While wealthy academic centers use Internet's main business, the network has a few serious side. Christopher Neale, who is working on a PhD in physics at the University of Toronto, regularly scans dozens of newsgroups dealing with serious scientific matters but also several groups devoted to various aspects of science fiction. Says Neale: "There are just loads of things to read."

With its global reach and crowded newsgroups, Internet stands as the summit of the technology of computer networks that currently are used by about 12 million North Americans. At the other end of the scale are the flourishing local electronic bulletin boards that provide a forum for discussions on anything from computers and culture to religion and romance. Anybody with a 3200 software package that accepts and stores incoming messages can set up a bulletin board. To make contact with a wider electronic world, bulletin boards can connect to commercially operated services such as Toronto's CIS Online. David Chalmers, general manager of CIS Online, says that one bulletin board linking run by his firm connects teenagers across North America. Some commercial services, including CIS Online and CompuServe, based in Columbia, Ohio, provide customers with services that include regular news reports, financial information, computer games—and access to Internet to boot. Many computer games who are active in the academic world were access to Internet because of its wide range of news groups, or to use the network to send messages through its communication channels.

But scientists and other academics remain the largest users of the network. Paul Compton, a high-energy particle physicist with the U.S. Fermi National Laboratory in Illinois, M. M. has developed a software system that is used for distributing scientific papers throughout the network. In developing nations, says Compton, the rapid dissemination of scientific knowledge through Internet "is making geographic boundaries and is essential in researchers." And because of Internet, adds Simon Fraser's Palmer, "scientific papers are now being co-authored by people who have never met." As a result of that kind of collaboration, scientists say that they are now able to do research in other countries that as individuals, but as colleagues in the global universe of knowledge that Internet and other computer networks have brought into being.

MARK VICKERS

# HOOKED

The war on addiction—and a fable about one victim's survival

BY RAE CORELLI

*All kinds of people on airplanes. Take off heads a stranger, land and to a friend. Time hours out, after two hours of talking about the economy, health and air travel, he's on his fourth fruit juice. Something new to talk about.*

*"Don't drink!" Seth's sister has said. "Did not mean any!" He looks away, up his face. And then, five miles after the ocean, he returns a very different kind of journey.*

**M**uch dry, metallic. Palms sweaty and scalp too tight, like a man. Head pounding, heart, too. Eyes shifted against the bright light from the window. Wake up, check the worned legs before anyone notices. But there is no one. The short about the bed is wet. Seated with cigarette ashes. And something else, crumbly, bits of what—bread? There is a walkabout in the corner and corner, wisp, open and close. Bollen in the washstand, on the floor. One in the bed. Very, very carefully, seeing the left over the side and up at. Good. Not out to good. Starched house. Nothing comes up, but in the head an explosion in treatment. One shoe beside the bed, find the other one in the bathroom, in the left third spread. Necktie missing. Get dressed anyway, slowly. Give downers, across the body. Click behind the desk says something. Clockwise says Wednesday, May 11, which can't be because yesterday was—the 5th of the 60? Walk outside sometime. Don't recognize the street. Don't recognize the town. What is this place?

Welcome to Addiction, last stop on the road for people nursing from reality with the help of booze and drugs. There are a thousand cities bigger than Addiction but it has the world's greatest concentration of hidden lives and hidden dreams. Nobody plans to come here, they just wake up out of the bed, usually not in one sleep. They are in a thousand states, bloody, shy. Loving. Deaf, people, released over to admit that they are here or have been for years. Most never do, because Addiction spells relief. Have a drink, short some, take a pill, but a vein. Magic. The chemical rearranges the brain, and senses support black magic. For a short time, there is no past or future, only the present, endless, lasting of here and now. But the short takes get shorter and pretty soon they don't happen any more and all that's left is the need not to know, not to remember, not to feel.

Actually, there is one other thing left. The chance to make a



choice: to quit or keep going; to die, to cry or pick up and leave town.

Quit? Not hard to quit, done it often. For days, sometimes weeks—intermittent, curbing, working weeks. But the question hangs there in the open, waiting, brightness of the street, outside the hotel with the bed, nursing upstairs room and all the bottles and the wet sheets. And then, all of a sudden, out of nowhere, self-deception like miserably, like morning fog, and in its place, the sudden, clearly realization that the party is over. Followed by a sense of nakedness, of being (incomprehensibly) alone. Followed by an overwhelming desire to get the hell out of town.

Depending on the route, the trip from Addiction to Recovery can take anywhere from weeks to months, even years. Short or long, it is a hazardous journey, starting. Many friends, broken or lost. Friends closer to the roadside. In the company, some, friends. Other people's wives and husbands. Beware Canada. The neighbors. Fear and guilt and responsibility be in ambush. Picture a bottle of cold beer, slick with condensation in the hot sun. No. Please instead the hotel room with the wet sheets and the single wallpaper.

Pilgrim on the sidewalk. Walk one way, walk back. Why does this feel like such a big deal? Get halfway. Make up the steps into the church, down into the basement. "In" a third way. "He," says much or "Catholics over there," says a third. "Big room, big crowd, rows of metal chairs, a lecture in front. Placards on the walls. "Yes," says "First things first." Endurance.

A woman appears at the lecture "Good evening," she says "I'd like to welcome everyone to this regular Wednesday night meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. My name's Susan and I'm an alcoholic. If any of you are attending your first AA meeting, try to relax and listen and remember, we're here to help you."

Can't relax, Susan, not yet, don't know how. Listen? Sure, listening's possible, but Susan? The coffee needs work.

Further and better, chair ladies in the upright position

Miles of firm light below

"The night ever get any better?"

"Well, so." (No laughs. "But I haven't any.")

# THE BATTLEFIELD OF ADDICTION

Science and treatment offer some hope for people trapped by alcohol and drugs

He is polite, articulate and well-dressed. He has a job at city hall in Toronto and money in the bank. He and his girlfriend share an apartment and a close relationship. For 43-year-old Eric, the job, the savings and the relationship are major accomplishments, if not major assets. Three years ago, after half a lifetime of smoking, drinking and injecting drugs daily—and using cocaine and alcohol to endure withdrawal—Eric had become severely addicted. For years, he had distributed drugs, spent around with prostitutes and pimps, and carried a gun to protect himself. "Of all the drugs I did over 23 or 24 years, cocaine took me to my bottom," he said. "I could never get enough of it. I was totally mentally hooked."

On his harrowing downhill slide, Eric had plenty of company. Year after year, thousands of Canadians cross the line between social drinking and alcoholism, between taking an occasional dipping pill and bingeing on drugs, between normal living and the endless night mare of addiction to insensitizing chemicals of one kind or another. But at the same time, medical researchers in Canada and the United States are beginning to understand how chemical addiction affects the brain—disorders that one day may have clinical applications. Rehabilitation centers are employing new and promising methods of treatment for substance abuse. But recent surveys show declines in the number of Canadians who drink, how many are categorized as alcoholics and the nation's overall consumption. Although most Canadians do not become hooked on alcohol or drugs, those who do, like Eric, inflict insalvageable damage on them-



selves, their families, their employers and the nation's health and social services. Addicts out of control usually start up sooner or later in hospital emergency departments, detox or treatment centers, jails or mental institutions. Every year, thousands die—by suicide, on highways, from exposure, of alcohol-related diseases of the liver or drug-induced brain seizures. Yet hundreds more, prepared to seek help, do recover. For many, the road back has led them to Alcoholics Anonymous, which this year is celebrating its 50th anniversary in Canada, to Narcotics Anonymous or elsewhere in the pantheon of self-help groups. Some respond to psychotherapy, some to religion.

Still others, also like Eric, combine professional treatment and self-discipline. But like every addict who becomes dependent, Eric first had to live a personal battle—physically, emotionally, psychologically and spiritually. He reached that bottom, he recalls, in the fall of 1990 during a torrid conversation with his younger sister, who

convicted him that either cocaine or his companion in the drug trade were going to kill him. "I was totally out of control," says Eric. "It was only a matter of time before I was dead."

Despite the well-publicized notoriety surrounding such drugs as cocaine, and to lethal derivative known as crack, alcohol abuse remains a far larger problem for individuals in street drugs or to such prescription medications as barbiturates and sedatives. A national drug and alcohol survey, done for Health and Welfare Canada by Statistics Canada and published in 1990, showed that Canadians spent about \$10 billion a year on alcohol. The survey also estimated that about 86 per cent of Canadians aged 15 and over drank alcohol. In 1985, Ontario's Addiction Research Foundation (ARF) estimated as the basis of trends in deaths from cirrhosis that there were close to 477,000 alcoholics in Canada, down from nearly 525,000 a decade earlier. Other estimates range as high as two million.

Nobody knows even roughly how many Canadians may be addicted to illicit and prescription drugs. The Health and Welfare survey found that cocaine use—passive and bingeing—remains the most popular street drug across Canada. Almost one-quarter of 11,534 people aged 15 and over who took part in the national survey had used the drug at some time during their lives, and 4.5 per cent were current users. The survey reported that only 1.4 per cent of the respondents currently used cocaine or crack. Less than one per cent were using the hal-

lucinogenic chemical LSD, amphetamines or heroin. But at the same time, almost 25 per cent of those surveyed had recently used some other prescription drug.

By almost any measure, the social costs of excessive alcohol and drug consumption are enormous. Every year, substance abuse directly or indirectly leads to thousands of deaths. The ARF reported that in 1985, the latest year for which national figures were available, 5,562 people died from diseases directly related to alcohol consumption, such as cirrhosis. Alcohol was also involved in almost 15,000 other deaths in 1985, major vehicle accidents, acts of violence and other incidents. That was more than 425 deaths directly attributable to drug use. In

Alberta, the Alcohol and Drug Abuse Commission (ADAC) reports that alcohol is a factor in about 80 per cent of the province's domestic disputes. Moreover, substance abuse imposes a huge financial burden on the Canadian economy—according to the ARF, almost \$34 billion annually for the lost costs out of every dollar of wealth generated by the entire country's in-mid-health care, policing and lost productivity.

In an attempt to address the consequences of active addiction, campaigns across the country are introducing what have come to be known as employee assistance programs. Shell Canada Ltd. established a full-scale program at its Calgary headquarters in 1983 and four years ago, in dealing its alcohol and drug policy, rejected employee testing and married workers with dependency problems that they could expect assistance. "Some fear of disclosure," Shell's consultants have found that alcohol abuse often second behind work-related stress as the most common problem among 5,500 employees.



**'I WAS TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL. IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I WAS DEAD.'**

ephoric. Norma said that she began taking the drug even before she experienced any negative symptoms. Her consumption grew from the prescribed three pills a day to 15. She developed a dependence on the drug that lasted for 20 years.

According to many experts in the field of addiction research and counseling, female dependence on drugs or alcohol is a huge but largely hidden problem. Treatment centers have only begun in the past decade to design programs for women. Women are more likely to keep their alcoholism or drug addiction hidden for a number of reasons. For one thing, the experts say, they tend to experience more fear, shame and guilt than men. Many are also afraid that social service agencies or the courts will take their children away. "There's a lot more female alcoholics out there than we think there is," said Lucille Teich, director of development and public relations for the Bassett Center, an organization that operates three treatment facilities in the Toronto area. "We don't know about it."

A woman called Amy is perhaps typical. For almost 30 years, she was a closet alcoholic who concealed her drinking from everyone but her immediate family. A former teacher and the mother of two grown children, Amy lives in a suburban community west of Toronto. She took her first drink in her early 20s, then gradually progressed from social drinking to occasional binges to daily consumption—so much as a 20-ounce bottle of vodka until a dozen bottles of brandy when at home. "I had to have the drink," she recalls, "no matter about the lights with my husband and children."

One of Amy's few public displays of drunkenness convinced her she had hit bottom and had to quit drinking. At midnight on a chilly fall day in 1990, while supervising on children in the school house, she became so inebriated that she began to vomit. She got the youngsters dressed and took them to a donut bakery at home where there was a liquor store. She bought three drinks at a fortified





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## FILMS

# Bulletproof bravery

Dirty Harry goes on presidential duty

IN THE LINE OF FIRE  
Directed by Wolfgang Petersen

During his last cabinet meeting in 1965, Abraham Lincoln approved creation of the Secret Service, to combat assassinations. Later that same day, in Ford's Theater, John Wilkes Booth fired a single shot into Lincoln's brain, mortally wounding him. It would take the assassinations of two more American leaders, James Garfield in 1881 and William McKinley 30 years later, before the Secret Service was assigned to protect the president. And for six decades, its agents, a mix of men and women, have been the nation's elite, with lightning fast reflexes, successfully safeguarded the occupants of the White House. That perfect record was bloodied on Nov. 22, 1963, when John F. Kennedy was gunned down in Dallas.

At the time of *Fire* is not against the backdrop of that tragedy. In his last role when directing and starring in last year's *Ocean* was that western *Outlaw*. Clint Eastwood is back as fictional president John F. Kennedy. Secret Service agent Frank Horrigan, the only agent still on active duty who was with Kennedy on the day of his murder, is the man of a nation's security. Horrigan is back as a man of a nation's security. Horrigan is back as a man of a nation's security. Horrigan is back as a man of a nation's security.

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There are moments throughout the entire cast-out scene drama when one moment that is lost. Although the script is generally credible, like this film in the first to have the cooperation of the mostly unseen Secret Service, the dialogue is occasionally over-the-top. "Well, Alex," Horrigan says to the Lincoln Memorial statue, "Dad, I wish I could have been there for you, pal." The film also includes a scene of Secret Service agent Horrigan — it is needed, once protected that

one of the president's missions was in fact his girlfriend in order to protect the house's reputation. And like the grainy Abraham Lincoln portrait movie of 1976's assassination that appears faintly behind Eastwood during a flashback, a perfectly recognizable face in terms is superimposed on the psychological drama. Horrigan, who is a bit of a male chauvinist, falls for tough female Secret Service agent Lily Kravitz (Genevieve), who, pre-



Eastwood: snagging gunn about facing to save JFK

dictably, shows him the errors of his ways. Still, despite the movie's shortcomings, German director Wolfgang Petersen (last year's *Man of Steel*) manages to keep it consistently suspenseful. Horrigan is brilliant as Horrigan's character like a man. And, at 62, the movie's villain Eastwood is, in a way, not in a way, in a way. In the *Line of Fire* offers a gripping peek at those who put their lives on the line to protect the most powerful individual in the world. And, like presidential assassination itself, it is morally ambiguous.

SCOTT SIMON

## FILMS

# Gender blender

Is love more wonderful for a man or a woman?

ORLANDO  
Directed by Sally Potter

Even in Hollywood, where dinosaurs can rise from the dead, the promise might become a little with a member of the English nobility who is mysteriously immune to the ravages of time spends four centuries looking for happiness. First as a man, then as a woman. That Orlando is set from Hollywood. It is based on the 1928 novel by Virginia Woolf, a gender-bending fantasy that also serves as a mock biography of her friend and lover, Viscountess Mary. With its wit and a fine cast, British director Sally Potter has transformed Woolf's literary conceit into a cinematic concert of unforgettable scenes. Orlando is an exquisite spectacle, a cross-dresser's dream, a drama of a woman with a man's will. But in the end, a woman is a woman, a series of captivating tricks that dance without quite suspending disbelief.

The episode narrative begins in the 1590s, with Queen Elizabeth (Queenie) Crisp granting Orlando (Tilda Swinton) property and a room while discussing that the youth must serve her. The film's early scenes, which portray the Elizabethan nobility shaming on the frozen Thames during the Great Frost, are the most extraordinary. Swinton's Orlando is the most extraordinary. Swinton's Orlando is the most extraordinary. Swinton's Orlando is the most extraordinary.

The great prospect of having to fight in a war puts Orlando into a sudden and earnest search for a woman. As a woman, she returns to 18th-century England, where she has a romance with a man. The narrative then accelerates, resulting Orlando's quest for completion in present-day London — just as Woolf ended the novel in her present-day London of the 1920s.

Swinton, who with admirable grace, her eyes shining in great intelligence with each phase of the story. But Orlando becomes more postmodernist on-screen than on the page. At best it is an amazing, exquisite film of a woman's life. At worst it is an self-indulgent and overly cerebral — Virginia Woolf's excellent achievement.

BRAND D. JOHNSON

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# Vampish vocals

Holly Cole puts a very spin on standards

The romance began last summer. In June, 1992, a Tokyo disc jockey introduced the music of the album *Blame It On My Youth* by Toronto singer Holly Cole. Entranced, he immediately started playing her haunting rendition of Gilling Fox on his radio show. Other Tokyo stations quickly picked up the song, which became one of the most requested numbers on Japanese radio. Now, Cole is the toast of Japan. Sales there of *Blame It On My Youth* are approaching 100,000 copies, and it has earned her group, the Holly Cole Trio, the Best Jazz Album and Best New Artist prizes at last February's Grand Prix '93 Gold Disc Awards. Japan's equivalent of the Junos, "I love it there," says Cole, who recently played six sold-out concerts in Japan. "The fans perceive me as a strange, independent woman who's in control of her career. That's not too shabby."

In fact, it is an accurate perception. Cole, 33, has been in command of her career ever since she first hit Toronto clubs with her torchy, jazz-infused act. Teaming up with pianist Aaron Davis and bassist Patrick MacLean for two years in 1980, Cole became a local sensation, singing bold new versions of jazz standards with her strong, throaty control. The group's first, 1980 album, *Girl Talk*, launched them nationally and achieved gold status for sales of 50,000 copies—almost unheard of for a jazz album. It also led to an American deal with New York's Manhattan Records, distributed by the multinational giant RCA Victor. The 1983 album, *Blame It On My Youth* in 1991, showcased the group's appeal, with songs by Tina Turner and Lyle Lovett added to the mix of jazz and Broadway tunes. It, too, went gold. Now a new album, *Don't Smoke in Bed*, and the first leg of a Canadian tour (which begins in Waterloo, Ont., on July 6) and winds up in Vancouver on July 25) seem certain to enhance Cole's following.

Sitting recently on a sofa in her Toronto's Queen Street West, Cole reflected on her success. She admitted that her popularity has come with a cost. For one thing, while she has attracted a new audience for jazz,

Cole has drawn the wrath of some reviewers, who dislike what she does to classic jazz numbers. Tressed in a black, strappy chiffon dress, the cover-bound singer explained her approach and then took on her critics. "I have to do something new in these old songs or they're not interesting to me," said Cole. "I like to play up the sexual elements



Cole: adoration in Japan, and a third eclectic album

or do it completely tongue-in-cheek." She added: "I frankly think that some male reviewers are offended by what I represent and who I am—and by the humor that I bring to the music. For them, jazz is as cheery thing and a serious business."

Although she sings more contemporary numbers on *Don't Smoke in Bed*, including Johnny Nash's 1972 hit *I Can See Clearly Now*, Cole still often up a dark, disturbing version of Cole Porter's *Girl Out of Town* (and a sassy, bluesy new treatment of the Rodgers and Hart favorite *Jeepin' My Car*). It is in

fact that one of styles that has attracted airplay in Japan, where Cole's name is on Gilling Fox and her torchy performance of Patsy Clark's 1942 hit *Swissman* helped to push those songs to the top of the Tokyo charts. On the new album, Cole has even thrown in a moving, blues-inflected interpretation of the heart-breaking country classic *The Tennessee Waltz*, a song she remembers hearing her grandfather sing back home in the Maritime Provinces. Born in Halifax, Cole grew up surrounded by the classical music of her parents (who are now divorced) and the country tunes of her mother. But unlike her older brother, Allen, who was a disciplined piano student, Holly loved to spend her time either listening and chatted around the daily regimen of piano lessons. She recalls how she would sneak have a little afterthought by turning out wheels in her grandmother's antique-filled house. "I used to think it was going to be the violin I could get," laughs Cole. "Sneaking just got a similar response from my parents at first. I think I maybe did it partly out of rebelliousness."

Cole's mother, Carolyn, the director of Providence's National Exhibition Centre, recalls that Holly always had a mind of her own. Indeed, Holly turned out in 16 to live as a hippie in the woods with a sister-in-law. And her father, Leon, born of Cole Porter's ancestry, a classical music program, remembers his daughter as a "free spirit" who takes after one of his uncles, a born-and-bred Broadway actor. There is a strong theatrical element in the way that Cole treats a few lines between high camp and high art. Wearing her usual costume of long evening gloves and a low-cut dress, the singer seems as a young as a woman; she wears nothing more than to exorcise, that Cole is also capable of expressing deep emotion. "I try to find the middle ground between the Judy Garland pool of tears and the completely over-the-top, robotic performance," she says. "And I think the reason that Aaron, David and I bring to the songs is also a lot more interesting than the 'try-hard' act."

In recent years, Cole has dabbled in comedy, but mainly continues to be her most loquacious. She can even be heard singing a jingle on Japanese TV, for an automobile insurance company. The singer says that the demand of her fans in Japan is "overwhelming": people send her presents like copies of Japanese beer and a green Japanese silk called *wasabi*—all because, I once told radio interviewers there that I liked the stuff! Cole then dips her nails into some hot wasabi paste and enthusiastically bites into the raw fish and rice. It would seem that the love affair between her and Japan is mutual.

NICHOLAS JENNINGS

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Since the Balkan war broke out two years ago, several authors have attempted to explain the escalating horror. Maclean's European Bureau Chief Andrew Phillips, who has been on assignment in Bosnia three times—most recently in mid May—revisits those books that he found particularly illuminating.

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## BOOKS

# Balkan brutality

Three books sift through Yugoslavia's ruins

Since the Balkan war broke out two years ago, several authors have attempted to explain the escalating horror. Maclean's European Bureau Chief Andrew Phillips, who has been on assignment in Bosnia three times—most recently in mid May—revisits those books that he found particularly illuminating.

There is no lighting in *The Balkan Express: Fragments from the Other Side of the War* (Penguin, 166 pages, \$25.95). Slavica Draskovic's powerful collection of essays chronicles the destruction of Yugoslavia—but war is everywhere. The soldiers are mostly off over the borders, killing and maiming in ancient towns and villages. And anyone who wants to understand how Yugoslavia has descended into its present hellish state will find Draskovic's short, sharp pieces a good place to start. She focuses not on the infamous politics and terrorism



Bosnian Muslim boys' collective psychosis

history of the region, but on how normal, reasonable people find themselves sucked into the collective psychosis of a nation that believes it is fighting for its survival. What she writes is "a seed, then a seedling and then a plant growing in each of us."

Draskovic is a Croatian journalist and feminist who made her reputation as the West's first on-the-ground reporter of the war. Her *Seven Sacred Communion* and *From Campfire*, which was widely praised as the first insider's account of women's daily life in Eastern Europe. In *The Balkan Express*, she brings the same wide sensibility to the details, even the trips, of her own life as war inexorably engulfs her country in the spring of 1992. She writes of trying desperately to maintain a sense of normalcy—at watching friends plan a trip to the Adriatic coast even though fighting has made that impossible, or being expensive, so-far-away supporters for a cause that might never be theirs to protect.

More disturbingly, Draskovic records with telling power the indifference and paranoia that war breeds even in those who once thought of themselves as being so liberal, so cosmopolitan, so Western. She tells the story of a Croatian actress, the wife of a Serb, who tries to keep open communication between Croats and Serbs only to find herself vilified as a traitor and eventually fled from the Croatian National Theater. Concerns about the annihilation of buildings and people, but war also destroys the personal space that at least free thinking, dissent becomes impos-

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#### BOOKS

Me when it is gated with tragedy. In the end Drakulic writes, the power of the tribe swamped her own cynicism and individuality. "Along with millions of other Croats, I was pinned to the wall of hatred—not only by outside pressure from Serbia or the leader at large but by internal homophobia with a Croatist twist." The irony, of course, is that Yugoslavia's relatively relaxed, decentralized brand of communism made it a much more tolerant place than the new, "democratic" Croatia—let alone Serbia, where war fever runs even higher, and the pressures to conform are even fiercer.

Two British journalists take a more conventional approach to explaining the war. Misha Glenny in *The Fall of Yugoslavia: The Third Balkan War* (Penguin, 194 pages, \$12.99), and Mark Thompson, in *A Paper House: The Ending of Yugoslavia* (Random House, 388 pages, \$14), cover much of the same material—the deep historical background, the cultural patterns that make the conflict so intractable, and the mixture of hypocrisy and misrecognition that has marked attempts by Western governments to stem the fighting. Glenny, the *NBC World Service's* chief reporter in the Balkans during most of the war, earned the nickname Misha Glenny for his warnings of ever-greater violence. Unfortunately, he was all too right. Like Drakulic, he was stuck by

how war psychology transforms reasonable people into enemy outcasts. The list of one Croatian town, he writes, resembled the movie *Joan of the Ark*. "Some when war had consumed their minds and intellectual consciences."

Glenny's book suffers from being heavily



Muslims gathered in Bosnia's *holocaust*

written in the midst of a fast-moving situation. His account ends last summer, with Sarajevo under siege and Bosnia bleeding from the first waves of "ethnic cleansing." But subsequent events have further solidified his prognosis. Bosnia, as he predicts, is being carved up between Serbs and Croats with the Muslims squeezed into a tiny area in the middle.

Thompson, in *A Paper House*, sketches exactly the same scenario, but his book is the more impressive of the two. He roamed around the Balkans as war bubbled up from the historical fault lines running through Yugoslavia, and he read deeply in the history, poetry and collective psychology of its peoples. He is perceptive and fair-minded, and has produced the best account so far of the conflict.

Thompson is particularly good on the dark fears and murky myths behind Serbia's apparently self-destructive behavior. Still, it is his account of Bosnia's tragic death that strikes most deeply. It was, he writes, Yugoslavia's "moral fragment, the place where the old Yugoslav idea of kindred peoples in harmony stood its best chance to be realized." It was also most likely to end in bloody failure. It was also the place where the delicate balance between its various national groups was ever upset—as it was so disastrously during the Second World War, and as it was again when Croats and Slovaks broke away from the Yugoslav federation. Thompson is scathing about the laughing and trading of the West and particularly of the European countries, which so badly stumbled their first major challenge of the post-Cold War era. He argues for outside military intervention, pointing out that Serbian forces paid no price for their earlier gains and might well have receded in the face of determined resistance. Unfortunately for Bosnia, that is now too late. □



## Between the covers with Kim Campbell

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

WE are in the Kim with: *Canoe*, *Canadians*, *spoiled Canadians*, *acquiesce*, *Canadians*—all want to know what it is that LIT Co. scribes enthrall Canadian delegates listed on the other 21 million Canadians as a Prime Minister who has yet to face an election.

So there is a rush to the bookstores, and the publishers rush, first to the printers, as reporters dispatched as analysts, analysts dispatched as reporters, put the book on the couch, so to speak—to give her the X-ray treatment before she gets to the ballot box this fall.

Three tomes are already on the bookshelves. More to follow. A liberal party in 1988 threat upon voters a prime minister called Pierre Trudeau and he—wisely—called an election immediately, while the public curiosity about his remained intense.

Given Kim Campbell's avowed risk that her party resting so low in the polls thanks to her predecessor was in making her further by selling back to the taxpayers his used fishes, and most evident about four months raised exposure while the mothers of the nation would pick her again.

The first out of the gate, Murray Dobbin with his *The Politics of Kim Campbell: From School Teacher to Prime Minister*, comes from the left and rather proves—with voluminous citations and quotes—that here is a woman with a very dazzling mind who is able to shift her opinions to whatever audience might lead.

Frank Dawey, with *Reading Kim's Night*, is off on his own trip, arguing that she is actually a part of Great Britain in disguise. He is a part of the University of Western Ontario and writes like a good f.e.c. most of his readers will have no idea what he's talking about (most of the time). His best insight is that she is "a person who never has chosen to join political parties already in power"—in 1988, Social Credit that had dominated B.C. politics for three decades, and then in 1988, to the surprise of Tories. This lady and her son.

No law against that, as Bob Fife points out



in the best guidebook to date, a quite clear-eyed look that outlines the thrust for the top with words and all. It's called *Kim Campbell: The Making of a Politician*.

Its most revealing comment is that in November of 1985, Fife, Ottawa bureau chief of *The Toronto Star*, and his editor Mylo Breen approached Campbell with the idea of a long reply—something that she would be the next PM. While early replying she thought that "perceptions," she at first agreed to co-operate. Fife reveals that she had been planning a run for the top since summer, 1982.

The oldest sentence in the whole book is in fact the first one: "Kim Campbell's life is not the story of busy lives." Of course it is. "We all know by now her self-confessed 'unhappy childhood,' her mother disappearing for a decade to the Mediterranean with a lover to escape a bad marriage while the gifted daughter was only 12

The waves in a tragic background her mother's father dropped dead of a heart attack at 42 while on a recreation lake with his daughter. Her father's father died when he was 2. The husband of her only sibling, a physical education teacher who never drank or smoked, came home one day and fell down dead at 32.

One does not have to be a Psychobabble PH graduate to extrapolate to her gravitation in marriage to her lover and then husband-father figure. 20 years senior, she chose career Nathan Duvinsky, who killed her his seat on the Vancouver school board and then drafted away when her star surpassed his.

Fife says Duvinsky "convinced her to see a psychiatrist to help her deal with her emotional difficulties" namely, one takes it to become more willing to discuss family problems and her loneliness in adolescence.

What one gets, in choosing through the three quarters, which of course rely much more to what went before than what might go in the future, is a brilliant, delirious young woman who is determined to prove she is bricker and tougher than anyone else. Anyone recall Trudeau in all that?

The problem is that Trudeau had a consistent philosophical line—like it or not, Campbell, for all her brainpower (she never corrected her still claim that she had a PhD, could easily speak French, German and Russian), she drilled over the upwards words her taken her.

Fife, and the other two authors who have either had to try plays it down the middle, as it can recall, who has not put into print that Mulroney's younger brother—

in the context of Campbell's not disavowal of Mulroney—is handsome! He details how Campbell's second husband nearly walked out the door one day, knowing only a note—as he did with his first wife.

He gives evidence, as does Dobbin, of Campbell's famous temper and suggests in B.C. politics when her own people had to restrain her. On the other hand, how can you not love a woman who said, of Bill Vander Zalm: "I wish I'd known him before the jobbery."

Both Dobbin and Fife show how hatched Terry Giesse RE Neville and Paul Corley made large sums out of the \$4.5-billion helicopter deal that will put \$1 billion into Montreal and ended up as Campbell's spin doctors that was her last book.

Is this lady smart? Was this lady who is barely remembered to those who would like to know her? We'll know by Halloween.

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